

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

Los Angeles Daily Times, the Sunday Times, and the Saturday Times and Weekly Mirror.
H. G. OTIS, President and General Manager.
W. M. A. SPALDING, Vice-President.
ALBERT MC FARLAND, Treasurer.
G. C. ALLEN, Secretary.
Office: Times Building.
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The Los Angeles Times

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Liberty and Law!

Security to American homes?
Protection to American industries?
Encouragement to American capital?
American commerce and honest money?
A free ballot and a fair count?
Reciprocity and the Old Flag!

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

For President.....BENJ. HARRISON.
For Vice-President.....WHITELAW REID.

The Times is for sale at the Occidental Hotel news stand, San Francisco, price 5 cents per copy.

Persons leaving the city for the summer can have THE TIMES forwarded by earliest mail or carrier to any address at the rate of 50 cents per month, Sunday edition included. The order may be changed at desired if care be taken in all cases to mention both old and new address.

Con. Cons of Georgia must be sleeping it off.

DEATHY is said to remove freckles without missing a note.

"TA-RA-BOOP-DE-RAT" is said to be howling derisively for "Where was I at."

MATHEW Chris Evans and that other Bontag boy have got sold out by a glazier.

DOR a nickel in the slot at Gray Gables and see the gabrier write a letter.

DAVID B. HILL as Grover's Secretary of State would be the very greatest stuff on earth.

If the Emperor William would trade off that yacht of his for Nancy Hanks he might have some show to win.

Dr. Obstructors Columbus looks like some of his pictures in the newspapers we are sorry he ever discovered us.

When a man in Texas wants to get real popular with the populace he goes out on the street and kills a "nigger."

We can't expect the Democratic campaign to be a very breezy one when neither Cleve nor Steve wear whiskers.

The Washington Star has found out why Dave Hill didn't go to Buzzard's Bay. He was afraid he would scare the fish.

The San Francisco Examiner says California is a doubtful State. Yes, from the Examiner's point of view, indeed it is.

The New York World is passing the hat for a Western campaign fund, but if it takes but advice it will tie a string to that hat.

It is to be hoped that Mrs. Wettin will not sulk in her tent now that the G. O. M. has osculated on her hand like a real gentleman.

How is it that nobody has thought of utilizing Col. Cobb and Adlai as a Democratic glue club in that beautiful song called "Glee Dazzle!"

ADLAI has gone to New York again, and now the price of red paint will go a whooping. Ad uses a wide brush when he gets over to York State.

As it seems to be the unwritten law that some giddy young thing must christen war vessels, we bespeak the next layout of that sort for Sue Anthony.

THE 5-cent barbers in Chicago have raised their prices to 10 cents. This is probably a starter, it being their intention to work up to World's Fair prices by degrees.

A TOUGH woman book-keeper in Albany has defaulted to the extent of \$10,000. That's what comes of this fool business of wearing suspenders. All spent for galleuses!

ONE would think that Sackville West's experience in the business of letter writing was sufficient to teach Cleveland a thing or two about being too handy with the quill.

ONLY \$58,762 worth of diamonds were returned to the assessors this year in the State of Illinois. We had a sneaking idea all along that those Chicago boys were paste.

IF Bourke Cockran can work over that Chicago speech of his into a stump speech for Grover he will hold high rank as an adapter, and should be able to run William Gillette a close second.

THE War Department has just presented a medal of honor to Gen. Miles for distinguished gallantry at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Well, they needn't have been in such a rush about it.

CHICAGO leaks generosity in charging only a dollar apiece for those Columbian fifty-centes. What is the matter with making it two and a half and breaking us all before we get started to the fair.

THE way the Los Angeles ball club started in up North has been most bracing. The local cranks are feeling as gay and chipper as you please, and there is a rosiest aspect to things in the South that is real red.

A LETTER to the strikers at Buffalo is expected from Grover any minute, also one to those miners at Knoxville. Cleve cannot possibly let these glorious opportunities glide by without practicing on his typewriter.

On to Utah!

THE TIMES has reliable private advice from the East in relation to the prospects for the construction of the Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railway. These advice are of the most encouraging character. Substantial progress has been made in the essential work of providing funds for the prosecution of the enterprise; and our correspondent, whose high position in financial circles entitles his words to weight, writes that "the condition of affairs is very encouraging as to the construction of the road." Further and more specific information will be published in THE TIMES as soon as the bond negotiations are completed, which, according to our private advice, are in a satisfactory state of progress.

This news is of the first importance to Los Angeles.

And Still the Tariff.

A correspondent writing to THE TIMES concerning what he is pleased to term our "very fair reply" to an interrogatory on the question of the tariff and labor, published the other day, says:

You make a very truthful statement of the price of a protective tariff in this country as follows:

"We have a broad country, full of natural resources, and comfortably peopled by an intelligent and enterprising race. With this our correspondent says he agrees, and he thinks the tariff question, as it relates to labor, is therefore narrowed down to the question whether the tendency of a protective tariff is to raise wages. He then propounds the following conundrum:

For the convenience of illustration let us take the case of wool. The objection to removing the tariff from wool is that our people would buy a greater proportion of their wool abroad. The reason for this is, of course, that they could thereby obtain it more cheaply. Now, we cannot buy wool abroad without exporting products of our own to pay for them. Even if we pay in gold, that is an American product as well as anything else. Now, if the American laborer or the employer of labor finds that by raising wheat or making cutlery he can by exchange obtain twenty pounds of wool for a day's labor, while by becoming a sheep-herder his product would average a less amount, is it not to his advantage and the advantage of us all, that he be allowed to raise the wheat or make the cutlery and purchase this wool in South America or Australia without interference from government?

"When, by tariffs, we force people to stop importing any article, do we not cut off the market for those products that were exchanged for that article, either directly or indirectly, and do we not force the laborer either to stand idle or to enter some occupation which he did not consider best under free conditions? Is it not clear, then, that labor in general is crippled by protective tariffs, and that the only way to free citizens are not 'intelligent and enterprising,' but need governmental supervision of their private business?"

We cannot accept this correspondent's premises as fairly stated or his conclusions as correctly drawn. It is not a question of whether a citizen of a protected country like ours shall be driven into some calling which he does not seek, but whether he shall have the privilege of pursuing any one of numerous callings which he may select without finding that calling rendered profitless by foreign competition. When the Government secures him against such disastrous competition, it has performed its duty, and his liberty as a citizen demands that he make his own choice of occupation. Not all of the people of our country can dig gold, or manufacture wheat, or raise wool, and find the most satisfactory way of making the money with which to buy wool and other necessities of life. There must be a diversity of industries in a country which makes the most of its opportunities. There are plenty of men who, if they had their choice in the matter, would elect to raise sheep and sell wool above any other occupation. They do so probably because they have been educated to the business and understand it better than anything else. It is just as much the province of government to protect these men in their chosen calling as to protect another class of men who elect to make watches or raise fruits.

Our correspondent asks, "When, by tariffs, we force people to stop importing any article, do we not cut off the market for those products that were exchanged for that article?" Certainly not. The people of foreign countries do not take our surplus products because they can swap something for them, but because they need what we have to sell. England is disgruntled over our protection tariff because she sells us less goods on account of it, but England keeps right on buying our breadstuffs, meats, cotton and other products. Why? Because it is not a question of sentiment at all—not a question of favoritism or anything else, but simply a matter of business. She needs these things to feed her people and carry on her industries, and she buys them where she can obtain them in quantities and at the best advantage.

Within the past week we have published statistics showing that, during the last fiscal year (ending July 31, 1921), the exports of the United States amounted to \$1,030,355,626, being the largest in the history of the country and exceeding the exports of the preceding year by \$148,984,816. We actually had a balance of trade in

our favor amounting to \$303,944,842. This means that we sold goods to that amount in excess of our purchases abroad. This all occurred under the operation of the McKinley law. If the tendency of that law were to restrict the sale of our products to foreign countries is ought to manifest the same in these totals. Such a tremendous increase of exports gives the lie in a most unequivocal form to the free-trade bug-a-boo which our correspondent has invoked.

There is no more force in this hypothesis of restricting trade than there is in that ridiculous assumption that the Government "forces" a citizen to adopt a certain calling when it simply protects the calling from disastrous competition by foreigners, makes it more profitable than it would otherwise be and gives the citizen a chance to engage in it or not as suits him best.

Thus every argument advanced by the free-traders may be run to ground by a little common-sense reasoning and a resort to statistics. Free trade has not a leg to stand upon in a fair argument in view of the demonstration which the settled policy of our Government has given of the value of protection and reciprocity. The McKinley law has provided object lessons so plain that he who runs may read.

THE San Francisco Examiner seems to be acting as the watch-dog of the treasury for the whole blooming United States of America, without its costing the country a cent. It is glancing to stand behind that great free trade organ and watch it playing seignior in skilful gloom.

BLIZZARD is the name of a Brooklyn ice dealer. When he blows on his fingers to warm them they probably freeze stiff.

Just as like as not Isaac Paisley Gray has gone hunting "coons on the Wabash and got lost."

POLITICAL POINTS.

The poor old democracy, still winding and smarting under its latest castigation, is now wondering where Hon. Thomas B. Reed will hit it the next time.

Candid criticism has very little hair on the top of his head, but it is enough, however, to enable the Republican campaigners to catch him where it is short, says an exchange.

It is remarked that the only real approach to a "force bill" in the present campaign is the Democratic attempt to force William Whitney into service as general utility man for Mr. Cleveland. The scheme consists of force and force in equal parts.

Before the Chicago Convention Grover Cleveland was sweet on the anti-suffragers. They wonder now what has become of his sweetness. If one of them were sentenced to the electric chair, he would sign his name to a letter asking a commutation of the sentence to imprisonment for life.

Gov. Flower admits that the New York gerrymander is unconstitutional, but he accuses Judge Ramsey of partisanship in so deciding when the case came before him as a judge. Flower carries out the same line of policy that things may all be wrong, but a Democrat must sustain them while in office because that was what he was elected to do. The President is the chief of the "climatic bowlers" declaring that the country is poor and oppressed makes little or no impression upon Uncle Sam at this particular time. For the present, he has been engaged in the work of counting the \$20,000,000 in gold that came to him from San Francisco the other day. The calamity of the gold strike has been his day.

FOREIGN NOTABLES.

Emm Pasha has had more satisfactory notices written about him than any other traveler. And he loves to read them.

The marriage of Helene Boninger, second daughter of the "brave general," to Paul Augustus de Sacy, was celebrated in the most quiet manner at the Cathedral of Versailles, in contrast to the wedding of her younger sister, who married Mr. De la Roche, in the most brilliant manner.

Dr. Arnold, the famous head master at Rugby, has had many admirers in America. Discussing the proposal to place Dr. Arnold's bust in Westminster, Henry Labouchere said: "If that bust were there, he would be the first to bring into the world his son."

Queen Victoria intends to publish soon a selection of the letters she has received in reply to her compositions. The Princess was a most accomplished musician and played the organ very finely. Most of his compositions are of a sacred character. The Princess was a most accomplished musician and played the organ very finely. Most of his compositions are of a sacred character. The Princess was a most accomplished musician and played the organ very finely. Most of his compositions are of a sacred character.

Lady Dufferin performs her social duties in the most graceful and dignified manner; but there is a certain quality in her character which seems to cause a little surprise. She preferred staying at home, for instance, to going with her husband to the race for the Grand Prix the other day. The condition of King Otto of Bavaria is more deplorable than ever. He is quite unable to recognize any of his attendants and can only be persuaded to take food with the most difficulty. His condition is such that sometimes, in the same position and medical attendants are in daily expectation of his death, as he is losing strength rapidly.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Adeline M. Tilton has retired from the Cambridge corps of teachers after a service extending through fifty years.

Prof. Bell, inventor of the telephone, died at his home in New Haven, Conn., according to a recent interview. Mr. Bell weighs fifty pounds more than he did sixteen years ago, when the triumph of his life was achieved.

Levi K. Fuller, Republican candidate for Governor of Vermont, has been a member of the Estey Organ Company since 1866, having been in its employ as engineer and machinist for twenty years prior to that date. He is 82 years of age.

The Assistant Secretary of War, Gen. Lewis A. Grant, is a stout broad-shouldered, bald man of medium height, with long, gray side whiskers. Previous to the creation of his present position he was a volunteer in the war he was general of volunteers.

John A. Keeling, the policeman on duty in the street in front of the State House, is one of the best of the department. He is a student of history and devotes much of his leisure to the examination and comparison of historical data. His knowledge of Irish history is particularly good, and many persons to whom they want a history lesson will find him a most reliable source of information.

Ex-Senator Blair's most formidable rival in his contest for a seat in the House of Representatives is Cyrus Sullivan of New York. He is called for short, because of his affiliation with the Salvation Army. Mr. Sullivan is said to be the tallest man in the House. He is a native of New York and is a member of the House of Representatives.

The engagement of William O'Connell, Jr., to the daughter of Mr. O'Connell, was announced yesterday. Mr. O'Connell is a well-known figure in the community. He is a member of the House of Representatives and is a native of New York. He is a member of the House of Representatives and is a native of New York.

Tariff matters. [New York Press.] Our exports of agricultural implements to the Argentine Republic tend to show that our general policy of protection is not unfavorable to the development of foreign trade as well as domestic. During the past fiscal year our exports of agricultural implements to the Argentine Republic amounted to \$1,030,355,626.

Wants the profits of fruit culture are a popular subject of reference, it is worth while to refer to a sale of dried fruit which was made in this city yesterday. A. B. Seely of Santa Paula, in the previous year.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

The first woman dentist in the world, Miss Hirschfeld, who afterward became dentist to the family of the late Emperor William, was graduated from Pennsylvania College.

Emma Nevada, the American singer, was recently given a dinner at Gibraltar by the officers of the King's Royal Hussar. Her husband, Dr. Palmer, was the only male civilian present.

Mrs. T. P. Taber Willets of Roslyn, L.I., personally manages a farm of 800 acres. Her Guernsey herd is one of the finest in the country, and their owner is said to know the pedigrees of every one of them.

Miss Grace Lewis, eldest daughter of the late George Lewis of England, the husband of the famous novelist, George Eliot, is on a visit to Daniel H. Harkins, also of England, but now occupying a typical country home at White Plains, near Ophir Park, the residence of Whitelaw Reid.

At the University of Pennsylvania the first three fellows in the graduate department for women have been awarded to Miss Alice M. Atkinson, a graduate of Swarthmore and Cornell; Mrs. Laura Crow of Louisville, Ky., a graduate of Hampton College, and Miss Emily Ray Gregory, a graduate of Wellesley.

Lady Paget, wife of the British Ambassador to the Argentine Court, has become a convert to vegetarianism. She is said to have renounced the use of fresh meat on humane grounds, but a different complexion, so to speak, is given to the announcement by her explanation that vegetarians have usually a very clear and frequently beautiful skin.

Some county, Ill., boasts of possessing a woman sheriff. This is Mrs. Anna C. slender, black-eyed woman of less than 40, who possesses a determination and self-possession that render her fully equal to "care" of her jurisdiction. She carries a heavy Colt's revolver when on duty. A late exploit of hers was that of going to Milwaukee for a prisoner, and conducting him single-handed back to Belvidere.

CURRENT HUMOR.

We have all felt the iron heel of negro domination when we have failed to "tip" the colored waiter on time.—[Birmingham Republican.]

Tommy, Pa. may I ask you a question? Pa. Certainly, my child. Tommy, Well, where is the wind when it doesn't blow?—[Texas Siftings.]

As another piece of woman's inability to keep a secret we notice that while a man covers his suspenders a woman wears hers openly.—[Yonkers Statesman.]

He. A woman can't conceal her feelings. She. Can't she? she can kiss a woman she hates. He. Yes; but she can't kiss a woman who won't kiss her.—[New York Herald.]

Warrington. The laboring men are going to get even with Carnegie. Pendergiss. How? Warrington. They are going to boycott his free libraries.—[New York Herald.]

"How is it that you look so cool and cheerful on this hot day?" "Well, I have just had a talk with the oldest inhabitant and he remembers summers when it was twice as hot as this.—[Boston Post.]

BRIEFLY TOLD.

In Kansas there are four cities in which the vote of the women is larger than that of the men.

Indiana has more Germans than any other State. They constitute 55 per cent of the population.

A ton of steel made up into hair springs when in watches is worth more than twelve and a half times the value of the same weight in pure gold.

Twenty-five were eighty-one child candidates for admission to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, London, of whom twenty-five were elected.

FREE TRADE WITHOUT DISGUISE.

The speeches of the Democratic Candidates at Cleveland, Del., were held at the Chicago Inter Ocean.

The speeches of Cleveland and Stevenson add nothing to the stock of ideas in this campaign. Cleveland's attempt to inject something in favor of American industries was only a device to emphasize the free trade doctrine proclaimed by the convention and fully commits everybody who votes for the nominees of the platform as adopted at the convention.

Stevenson's utterance of a "protective tariff affords no protection and tends in no way to better the condition of those who earn their bread by daily toil," is more clear-cut than Cleveland could say it, but it is more to the point.

The position of the Democratic party and its candidates, viz.: that a protective tariff is unconstitutional and that workmen would be better off without it. When they take this position it is a matter of common knowledge that all men who work for wages here are receiving wages which average 100 per cent or more greater than the wages paid to men similarly employed in the old world. Every citizen who acquiesces in this, every traveler to the old world testifies to it, every immigrant from the old world confirms it, and the never-ending influx of laborers from abroad enjoin these better conditions.

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The Democratic party voted out of its platform a resolution adopted by its committee which recognized this difference between conditions abroad and at home, and has since then been engaged in a campaign ignoring this difference.

The American citizens whose business interests and whose daily employment are imperiled can not ignore a question so vital to them. What will prevent the factories of England and France from labor paid but half what labor receives in America, from taking complete possession of this market? This is not a political ally, it is a question of bread and butter and wages.

Europe never before was so close as quick transit and cheap freights make it today. It is simply idle to assume that our ports can be opened free to foreign goods and our own industries remain unaffected. The men who live and support their families by these home industries will not make so foolish an assumption, nor will they ignore so vital a question.

They know, because it is an every-day proposition, that in the case of free competition the man who cannot produce as cheaply as his rival must go out of business. Whether the rival is across the street or across the sea the rule is the same. They know that no man will begin a business in which an established rival has an unquestioned advantage.

Therefore, by the common rules which control business, when the tariff is removed and the American manufacturer exposed to open competition with foreign rivals, he must either retire from business, or labor, the great constituent in all prices, must be furnished to him as cheaply as to his foreign rival.

These are not theories; they are recognized business conditions. Today American manufacturers compete in our markets with a vigor which assures no greater average profit in protected industries than in other industries, but they compete on the common level of the American standard of living for the workingman. Take away the tariff and the European standard of living becomes the basis of wages in every industry which must compete with European products.

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IN THE WOODS.

Among the Lumber Camps of the Southern Sierras.

A Trip into the San Bernardino Mountains.

Lofly Heights, Grand Scenery and Big Trees.

Handling Logs and Making Lumber—The Boon to the Native Fair—Mountain Settlements—Pine-growers, etc.

Contributed to THE TIMES.

We left San Bernardino in the chill dampness of a foggy August morning at 6 o'clock. The crack of our driver's whip sounded harsh and loud as the corner of D and Third streets, and our trip to the San Bernardino Mountains in quest of pleasure, information and perhaps adventure, had begun. After the Harbison Springs were passed the land began to slope gently upward, and our way began to widen.

From this on almost to the end of the valley the road is shut in by thrifty orange groves, and seed beds, with here and there a deciduous orchard or a vineyard. About half the mountainside is in the hands of the native fair.

We stopped long enough at Molino, a small station on the Santa Fe, to make a hurried inspection of the place, which consists of a large box and tray factory and a pine-growers' association.

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VICTORIA IN DANGER.

The Queen Has an Ugly Adventure With a Crank.

Who Wanted Her to Abolish Fortnightly or Die.

The Lunatic Seized Promptly and Huddled to Jail.

Other Foreign News—Bismarck Arrived Against the Kaiser on the Military Service Question—Sole of an American General.

By Telegram to The Times.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—[By Cable and Associated Press.] The Globe this afternoon reports an incident that occurred today while the Queen was driving near Osborne House. As the royal carriage was proceeding along the road a man, making violent gestures, advanced toward it. The carriage stopped and the man approached the Queen. He told her he was a foreign count, and he said many others had sworn that if the Queen did not resign they would kill her.

Her Majesty listened in silence to the wild harangue, never once betraying nervousness. She and her attendants at once saw that the man was mentally unbalanced, and though she did not know but that he would attempt to suit his actions to his words she retained her presence of mind and gazed calmly at him, never uttering a word.

One of her attendants dismounted and quietly talking to the man, removed him from Her Majesty's presence. He was handed over to a constable and lodged in jail. There is no doubt that he is insane.

GOSSIP FROM BERLIN.

A Breaking up of Parties on the Military Service Question.

BERLIN, Aug. 20.—[Copyright, 1922, by the New York Associated Press.] The Emperor's declaration that the government did not intend to adopt the proposal for the two years' military service instead of three is not considered in official circles to involve the immediate retirement of Von Caprivi. The Progressives and National Liberals press insist that the Chancellor ought to, and must, resign, but it is an open secret that the Emperor has set his face against the main proposals of the Chancellor's Military Bill. Count von Waldersleben, who is the main force behind the bill, is the main question at the next election. The immediate consolation attending the abandonment of the Army Bill, is the withdrawal of the threatened increase in taxation.

It is reported that the government will withhold from the Reichstag the law for the suppression of drunkenness. It is probable that the failure of the measure relating to Sunday repose makes the minister pause with other measures in the same line.

The weather is intensely hot throughout Germany and fatal strokes are occurring everywhere in the empire. The thermometer registered 104° in the shade at noon. Drought which prevails is injuring cattle and crops.

The Tageblatt, in announcing the conclusion of commercial treaties between Germany and Haiti and Venezuela, rejoices in the assumption that American influence in Spanish-America will thus receive a check.

A REVOLT IN BOLIVIA.

Dynastic Strife—Baptista's Position Perilous—Martial Law Proclaimed.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—[By the Associated Press.] The Herald's Valparaiso special says: "News from Bolivia reports the discovery of several cases of dynamite cartridges and ammunition in the customhouse at La Paz. The discovery created intense excitement, and President Baptista issued a proclamation stating that it was deemed necessary to declare the republic in a state of siege, and to continue the same, as the government was fully aware of Camacho's intentions to create a revolutionary movement. A very uneasy feeling exists throughout the entire republic, and there are many rumors of Camacho ready to act at Corocoro, Ambranco, La Paz and Arica. "Despite the government's claim of quietude there is a strong undercurrent in favor of the revolt and workingmen formed people declare that Baptista's seat is very insecure."

A Chinese Bank Declared Sound.

HONG KONG, Aug. 20.—At a meeting of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation today the chairman announced that \$3,000,000 Mexican dollars had been taken from the reserve and the bank's losses were amply provided for. He further said the bank was not committed to either a silver or gold policy. London deposits were not remitted as far as investment, therefore the bank could sustain no further loss through the fall in the price of silver. The bank had \$200,000 invested in consols and sterling government paper, and was prepared to meet every emergency. The reserve fund amounted to \$519,916.

Suicide of an American General.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—The Herald's London special says: "Gen. Prince, 88 years old, a man who said he was a retired American army officer and a classmate of the late Gen. Robert E. Lee, committed suicide at Morley's Hotel late last night."

It is possible the Gen. Prince named in the above dispatch is Brig. Gen. Henry Prince. If this be so, he was born in 1811 at East Point, Me., and was one of the most gallant officers of the Mexican war and the war of the Rebellion.

Ministry Crisis in India.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—A dispatch to the Times from Calcutta says that the government has informed the Currency Association that it is unable to comply with the request of the association that the government appoint a commission to inquire into the advisability of establishing the old standard in India, and that in view of the alarming condition of affairs and the danger of a crisis the government will declare what step it proposes to take to allay the panic existing in the country.

The Daily Calcutta Bulletin.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 20.—The official censors' report issued today shows

a better general condition of affairs in the infected districts. According to the report there were 8903 new cases yesterday and 2873 deaths.

A Bicycle Record Broken.
LONDON, Aug. 20.—On the Coventry track today Osborn, the cyclist, lowered the mile record by 7.2 seconds. The time was 2:21.8-5.

Death of a Cardinal.
VIENNA, Aug. 20.—Cardinal Friedrich von Fürstenberg, archbishop of Olmutz, died today.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Kansas City Making Great Preparations for the Entertainment.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 20.—[By the Associated Press.] Arrangements are all completed for the entertainment of the Knights of Pythias, who meet in session here next Tuesday, and for the encampment of the Pythian uniformed rank, which goes into camp on the same day. Within the confines of the camp are pitched 4000 tents, separated into regular brigade divisions. These canvas houses will serve for shelter for 18,000 Knights, who expect to arrive camp by Tuesday. The Kansas battalion of the uniform rank went into camp tonight. Divisions from abroad will begin arriving tomorrow. Everything possible has been done for the entertainment of the Knights, and the encampment promises to be a great success.

ROACH WAS AN ENIGMA.

The San Francisco Unable to Get a Single Run.

The Dukes Defeated by the Colonels in a Good Contest by a Score of 5 to 3—Games on Eastern Diamonds.

By Telegram to The Times.
SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 20.—[By the Associated Press.] The Los Angeles team had a picnic with the home team this afternoon, winning by a score of 18 to 0. Hoffman was sick and Fanning is laid off. Hoffman did not want to pitch but went in the box for two innings and then gave way to Sharp, who pitched the game out. The San Francisco fielded poorly and Los Angeles straggled the ball hard. Roach's delivery was an enigma to the home players. The full score follows:

SAN FRANCISCO.	AB.	R.	H.	ER.	PO.	A.	E.
Sweeney, 1b.	4	0	0	0	3	8	3
Dooley, 2b.	4	0	0	0	1	0	2
Reitz, 3b.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Peoples, 4b.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Spies, c.	4	0	0	0	3	0	1
Levy, if.	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
D. Sweeney, cf.	3	0	1	0	2	3	2
Hanley, p.	3	0	1	0	0	0	0
Hoffman, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total.	32	0	4	0	24	13	9

LOS ANGELES.

Stadford, as.....	6	4	3	2	5	8
Wright, cf.....	4	3	2	0	0	0
Tredway, lf.....	6	4	4	2	4	0
McCauley, 1b.....	5	1	1	1	9	1
Glennville, 2b.....	4	1	2	0	4	5
Lytle, rf.....	6	0	2	0	1	0
Newman, c.....	5	1	1	0	4	1
Hulen, 3b.....	3	3	1	1	0	0
Roach, p.....	5	1	1	0	0	0
Total.....	45	18	16	8	27	13

GAMES BY STATES.

San Francisco, 0; Los Angeles, 18.

Los Angeles, 2; San Francisco, 18.

Summary.

Earned runs—Los Angeles, 4.

Two-base hits—Stadler, Sharp, Levy.

Sacrifice hits—McCauley, Glennville, Lytle, 2; Reitz, 2.

First base on errors—San Francisco, 3; Los Angeles, 0.

First base on called balls—San Francisco, 0; Los Angeles, 8.

Left on base—San Francisco, 5; Los Angeles, 10.

Struck out—By Roach, 2; by Sharp, 1.

Double play—D. Sweeney to Reitz.

Wild pitches—Sharp, 1.

Umpire—Gagus.

Oakland 9; San Jose 5.

San Jose, Aug. 20.—The home team was defeated by Oakland today by a score of 9 to 5. The game was highly interesting from start to finish. The fielding was of good quality and the batting sharp.

Batteries—Hornor and Wilson; Harper and Clark.

Games in the East.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 20.—Perfect fielding and two three-baggers shut the Phillies out.

Score—Cincinnati, 3; Philadelphia, 0.

Hits—Cincinnati, 5; Philadelphia, 6.

Errors—Cincinnati, 0; Philadelphia, 3.

Batteries—Dwyer and Mahoney; Weyhing and Cross.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 20.—The Senators made their runs in the ninth on errors. Killen was strong, but his support was poor.

Score—Louisville, 4; Washington, 2.

Hits—Louisville, 5; Washington, 7.

Errors—Louisville, 3; Washington, 4.

Batteries—Stratton and Merritt; Killen and McEneaney.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 20.—Miller held the Brooklyn down till the eighth inning, when they scored 5.

Score—Cincinnati, 6; Brooklyn, 2.

Hits—Cincinnati, 10; Brooklyn, 11.

Errors—Cincinnati, 3; Brooklyn, 0.

Batteries—Miller and Kirtledge; Kennedy and Kinslow.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 20.—The first game showed very effective pitching. In the second both pitchers did splendid work, but an unlucky error by Lyons on a sharp hit gave Cleveland the winning run. First game:

Score—Cleveland, 4; New York, 6.

Hits—Cleveland, 1; New York, 7.

Errors—Cleveland, 1; New York, 3.

Batteries—Young and Zimmer; Crane and Ewing.

Second game:

Score—Cleveland, 5; New York, 2.

Hits—Cleveland, 7; New York, 6.

Errors—Cleveland, 2; New York, 2.

Batteries—Cuppy and Zimmer; King and Ewing.

PITTSBURGH, Aug. 20.—Boston could not hit Baldwin, nor field well.

Score—Pittsburgh, 5; Boston, 1.

Hits—Pittsburgh, 6; Boston, 3.

Errors—Pittsburgh, 3; Boston, 0.

Batteries—Baldwin and Miller; Nichols and Gabel.

St. Louis, Aug. 20.—Gleason polished off the Orioles in his usual effective style.

Score—St. Louis, 8; Baltimore, 4.

Hits—St. Louis, 10; Baltimore, 8.

Errors—St. Louis, 2; Baltimore, 8.

Batteries—Gleason and Buckley; Vickery and Robinson.

Ocean Steamer Arrivals.

HAMBURG, Aug. 20.—Arrived: Poly-nesia, from New York.

QUEENSTOWN, Aug. 20.—Arrived: Ohio from Philadelphia.

New York, Aug. 20.—Arrived: Etruria from Liverpool; Fuerst Bismarck from Hamburg; Amsterdam from Rotterdam.

Thrown from a Buggy.

NEVADA CITY, Aug. 20.—Richard Pen-rose, road overseer of Bloomfield, En-rika and Washington townships, was killed last night by being thrown from his buggy while attending to official duties.

NANCY HANKS TRIES

But Falls to Lower the Record Made on Wednesday.

Jay-Eye-See Paces Against His Record, Making 2:08 3-4.

The Conditions at Washington Park Unfavorable for Speed.

A Great Jam at the Oakland Track—Last Day of the St. Paul Meeting—The Hopes on the Saratoga Track.

By Telegram to The Times.

OAKLAND, Aug. 20.—[By the Associated Press.] Nancy Hanks was sent today against her word of 2:07 3-4, made last Wednesday, and fell short of the mark. She trotted a true, game mile, but could do no better than 2:09 3-4. The time by quarters was: 1:05 3-4, 1:05 3-4, 1:05 3-4, 1:05 3-4. Her fall to beat her record was a disappointment, though the feeling was general that two such miles in one week as Nancy made on Wednesday, were too much to expect of any horse. Doubt expressed himself confident that the mare could lower her record. The track was fast as the most could wish, but the day was too cool and the breeze too strong for any great speed.

The feature of the last day of the meeting was the paces of Jay-Eye-See against his own trotting record of 2:10. He went around the track in 2:08 3-4. The time by quarters was: 1:04 3-4, 1:04 3-4, 1:04 3-4, 1:04 3-4. Had the same conditions prevailed as on Wednesday, the chances are that Jay-Eye-See would have come perilously near the mark of 2:08 3-4, set by H. Polster two days ago. The summaries follow:

Free-for-all trot: Wilkes Ward won in three straight heats, Gift second, Onet third, Athel B. fourth; best time 2:25 3-4.

Pacing, 2:14 class: Flying Jib won three straight heats, Mj. Wonder second, Merry Chime third, Rupee fourth; best time 2:11.

One mile dash, 2:32 trotting class: Reins won, Hazy second, second, Thalia third, Wonder fourth; time 2:10 3-4.

One mile dash, 2:20 pace class: Atlantic King won, Walter Wilton second, Prince T. third, Roadmaster fourth; time 2:13 3-4.

Free for all trot: Alvin won, Jack second, Pickpans third, Via H. fourth; best time 2:18 3-4.

Closing Day at St. Paul.

St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 20.—This was the closing day of the Twin City Jockey Club races at Hamline, and was the most successful ever held here. The conditions were fine.

Six furlongs: Al Farrow won, Alice H. second, Fligel third; time 1:18.

One mile: Kildare won, Alice H. second, Crab third; time 1:48.

Free handicap, 1:1-1:10 miles: Ray S. won, Sir Walter Raleigh second, Innocence third; time 1:45 3-4.

Five furlongs: Golda won, Elz L. second, Tom Kelly third; time 1:09 3-4.

On the Oakland Track.

OAKLAND, Aug. 20.—There was a jam at the track this afternoon.

The 2:28 class consolation trot was won by Pittsmons, Admonition second, Maggie third; best time 2:22 3-4.

Six furlongs, handicap, for two-year-olds: Donna Lila won, Lida second, Alliance third; time 1:17.

Applause won the six furlong race for all ages in 1:16 3-4. Albabrook second, St. Patrick third.

The mile and a quarter, handicap was won by Vyn and Scott, Capt. A. second, Raindrop third; time 2:09 3-4.

Handicap, 4 furlongs and repeat, all ages: Monte Carlo won, Sam Mount second, Stella third, Joe Harding fourth; best time 0:48 3-4.

Racing at Saratoga.

SARATOGA, Aug. 20.—First race, 7 furlongs: Strathmeath won, Kimberly second, Waterson third; time 1:28 3-4.

Second race, the Kentucky stakes, 6 furlongs: Marguerite won, Gov. Foraker second, Mirage third; time 1:16 3-4.

Third race, 1 1/4 miles: Cup Bearer won, Rhono second, Rico third; time 2:10 3-4.

Fourth race, Congress Hall stakes, 1 1/4 miles: Lowlander won, Dr. Hasbrook second, Saunterer third; time 1:58.

Fifth race, 8 1/4 furlongs: Helen Rose won, Khatan second, Gladiator third; time 1:22 3-4.

Monmouth Park Races.

MONMOUTH PARK, Aug. 20.—The conditions were fine.

Mile and a sixteenth: Killenny won, Pickpocket second, Russell third; time 1:48 3-4.

Six furlongs: Elizabeth L. won, Eagle Bird second, Luster third; time 1:11 3-4.

Mile and a half, choice stakes: Lamplighter won, Aza second; time 2:39.

Mile and a quarter: Reginald won, Extra second, Indigo third; no time given.

Seven furlongs: Estelle won, Shamrock second, Julia third; time 1:25 3-4.

Five and a half furlongs: All Black won, Exford second, Bordeaux third; time 1:08 3-4.

German Veterans at Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 20.—The first delegation of Germans to the eighth annual reunion of the German Association of Veterans, arrived this morning. By tomorrow morning the streets of Kansas City will swarm with men wearing the red, white and black badges and uniform of the German army. Fifteen thousand veterans will storm the city with bands of music and flying banners. The coming reunion is expected to be the largest in the history of the Kroger Bund. The California delegation was the first to arrive.

Agreed Upon a Scale.

YONKOSTOWN (O.) Aug. 20.—After a prolonged session the Conference Committee of the Amalgamated Association and Mahoning Valley Iron Manufacturers' Association have reached an agreement. The scale adopted is the same as the Pittsburgh scale, with the exception of slight changes in the deviation clause. The mills will resume at once.

An Australian Swimmer's Feat.

MORRIS, Aug. 20.—Arthur Kenney, the Australian swimmer, won the 100 yard championship of Canada this afternoon in rough water. He also broke the American record of 1:13 by swimming the distance in 1:11 3-4.

Great Fire at Calico.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—The Herald's Calico (Peru) special says that fire last night destroyed a whole block except

the offices of the prefect and one saloon. Shute & Co. ship chandlers, lost stock and building, amounting to \$90,000. Shute stores and shops and about the same number of residences were destroyed. The total loss is about 400,000 soles, only a small portion of which is insured.

TRAIN WRECKED.

A Woman Fatally Killed—Several Other Persons Injured.

BALTIMORE (Md.), Aug. 20.—[By the Associated Press.] By the derailing of a coach and a passenger train on the Baltimore and Annapolis Short Line, four miles from Baltimore, late this afternoon, one unknown colored woman was killed and fifteen persons injured, three probably fatally. Near the track where the accident occurred were a loose man and his wife picking up loose coal. The woman was crushed to death and the man knocked senseless. The seriously wounded besides the colored man who is still unconscious, are Mrs. Cores of this city, and Thomas Melvin of Delton, Caroline county, Md. The woman will probably die.

WHITELAW REID.

He Pays a Visit to His Old Home at Xenia, O.

A Cordial and Non-partisan Welcome Accorded Him—Friendly Speeches Made by Democrats as Well as Republicans.

By Telegram to The Times.

CEDARVILLE (O.) Aug. 20.—[By the Associated Press.] Hon. Whitelaw Reid and wife arrived at Xenia this morning and were driven at once to his old home, a mile from here, where a cordial welcome awaited him from his aged mother, now in her 80th year. About 3 o'clock crowds began to gather on the spacious lawn in front of Andrew Jackson's residence, where it was decided to hold a non-partisan reception. The Reception Committee, consisting of prominent citizens of all shades of politics and newspaper men, drove to the old homestead and, preceded by the Cedarville band, accompanied the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and his wife, to the town. He was cheered on all sides and received a perfect ovation when he arrived at the Jackson home. Hon. Andrew Jackson, a Republican, introduced George W. Harper, a Democrat, who made the welcoming speech. In a few well-chosen words, Mr. Harper welcomed the Vice-Presidential candidate and at the same time presented him to the assembly. Mr. Reid, in responding, said, in part, after thanking the assembly for its cordial welcome:

"It will be the profound laurel I shall ever hope to wear, if at the end of my career, it will be said I never forgot the regard of those who knew me from my boyhood. Sweeter always to me than the cheer of one's nation, the praise of a great man, the honor of a great office, is the approval of a friend. It is a great pleasure to receive this testimonial of kindly good will from old friends and neighbors at your hands. I hope the relations between us may never vary."

Mr. Reid's speech was principally devoted to personal reminiscences and at the close he requested the privilege of taking as many as possible by the hand. The next two hours were spent in hand shaking. Mr. Reid is making his last hand, his right hand having been injured at Chicago.

RED HOT POLITICS.

South Carolina Factions Indulge in a Free Fight.

LAURENS (S. C.) Aug. 20.—[By the Associated Press.] The South Carolina campaign closed here today. Contrary to all expectations, all candidates are still alive, though many of their friends bear wounds as a result of today's meeting. The feeling was intense, and the crowd of 2000 was in a fighting humor. When Tillman took the stand, after several speeches had been made, a riot was precipitated between several scores of the two factions. Sticks and clubs flew through the air, and for ten minutes the fighting was violent and vigorous. Disputes were drawn by outsiders, but the actual participants in the fight contented themselves with the use of clubs and fists. Every man on the outside waited for the other fellow to fire first.

The speakers witnessed the fight from the stand with much interest and some fear that shooting might be commenced. When the rioters stopped fighting from actual exhaustion the meeting proceeded, but the speeches were temperate.

Gov. William Tillman made no reply to the denunciations of Cok-Younmans had head upon him at Newberry Thursday, an oil Youmans at the request of citizens desiring of avoiding any more bloodshed, did not speak at all.

Count Valensin's Will.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 20.—The will of Count Gullio Valensin was filed in Alameda county today. It leaves an estate valued at \$300,000 in trust to his executors. The widow is bequeathed \$2000 per year and the mother of deceased \$1500. Valensin's son, who is in the custody of his mother, the Count's divorced wife, is cut off with a dollar.

Attached in New York.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—Judge Patterson granted an attachment against the property in New York State belonging to Arnold Pollak & Company, cigar and tobacco dealers of San Francisco, for \$18,690 in favor of Kerbs, Wertheim & Co. for supplies furnished.

Queen Victoria's Acknowledgments.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 20.—Queen Victoria has sent her acknowledgments of the receipt of a box of selected fruit, grown on the ranch of A. T. Hotchkiss, in Suisun, and stated that she has found it extremely palatable.

Acme Corset Ladies!

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Cleveland's Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Ventura, having been called home by his official duties. He will return the latter part of the week.

Can stoves with atmospheric burners. Seventy-five per cent. of air is used. A three-burner is only \$7. On exhibition at F. E. Brown's, No. 210 South Spring.

For the next seven days only elegant cabinet photos \$1.75 per doz. Sunbeam Gallery, No. 236 South Main street.

Dr. Munk has the only truss that gives perfect satisfaction. No. 124 1/2 South Spring street.

Steedman's Soothing Powders, a successful remedy for over fifty years.

J. W. Hollingsworth's dental office, No. 124 1/2 South Spring street.

For Hot Air Furnaces go to F. E. Brown. See Dewey's cabinet photo, \$3.50. Aristo photos \$2 per dozen, Burdick.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union telegraph office for Mrs. Dorrison and Miss Carrie Gilchrist.

There will be a concert this evening at Westlake Park at 8 o'clock by Douglas's Military Band, the first of the season.

George F. Wright, chief engineer of the Arrowhead Valley Water Company, died yesterday at San Bernardino. Mr. Wright was a brother of E. T. Wright of this city.

A registration booth and "voting school" has been established on the first floor of the city hall, which is being liberally patronized. The clerk in charge will gladly answer all questions bearing on registration and the law requires the chairman of the board of supervisors to make affidavit that the parents or guardians are unable to pay for the keeping of the child, and that the child is in need of the necessary aid and support of the parents. Those who have failed to comply with this provision of the law should attend to it at once.

Among the papers read before the meeting of the W.C.T.U., Friday, was one by Mrs. Garbutt on the bad effects of the tobacco habit. The lady took strong ground against the use of the "weed," and called on the members of the society to make their best efforts for its suppression. She gave an account of what had been done during the past year, and urged the members to keep up the good work.

The supervisors have issued subpoenas for eight or ten parents or guardians of children committed to the reform school at Whittier, summoning them to appear and make the necessary affidavits on which they can be charged to the state. In making up the statement the law requires the chairman of the board of supervisors to make affidavit that the parents or guardians are unable to pay for the keeping of the child, and that the child is in need of the necessary aid and support of the parents. Those who have failed to comply with this provision of the law should attend to it at once.

Those who go over the Southern Pacific road to Santa Monica, where the immense wharf of the Southern Pacific Company is now being built, can have the privilege of a stop-over at Santa Monica and Santa Monica beach. One can get on the road trip. Tickets good Saturday to Monday. All street cars take passengers to Southern Pacific depot.

The following are the Sunday trains on the Terminal Railway to the seaside resorts: Leave Los Angeles 8:00, 9:35, 11:10 a.m., 12:45, 2:45 and 5:30 p.m. Leave Santa Monica 9:00, 10:35, 12:10, 2:45, 4:15 and 7:00 p.m. Special leaves Long Beach at 5:35 p.m., after the dress parade. Fare only 10 cents round trip.

Hurrah for Redondo! Annual fête of the Redondos of Southern California Saturday and Sunday, August 20 and 21. Tickets 50 cents round trip, good to return until Monday night via the Redondo Railway, the official line. See how the special train will leave Redondo Saturday night at 11:30 for Los Angeles via Redondo Railway.

The renowned massager and hygiene physician, Ludwig Gossman, has removed his institute from No. 406 South Broadway to No. 330 South Broadway, between Sixth and seventh streets. He has opened a first-class institute which enables him to accommodate his patients and customers at once.

Last night John W. Lynch, special agent of the United States Treasury Department, arrived from the South on the 10 o'clock train with Woo Lee in charge. He lodged him in the city prison and will take him to San Francisco today, from which place he will be sent to China by the first steamer.

Call and see our sets of teeth celluloid, gold trimmings, made by Dr. J. B. White, the celebrated Philadelphia dentist, who has patented his process. Painless extracting by his latest method. First street, between Third and Fourth streets, opposite Hotel Ramona. Photo on cards.

The Catalina Sunday excursion via Santa Fe route and Redondo is proving to be the hit of the season. Leave Santa Fe station at 8 a.m.; reach Avalon at 11:15 a.m. Returning, leave Avalon 6:30 p.m., reaching Los Angeles 10:45 a.m. Round trip \$2.50. Tickets good returning Tuesday.

Both the electric and the cable cars now run through from Westlake Park to the First street station, and the round trip on the Catalina Railway (Santa Fe route). One cent fare enables patrons from all connecting electric and cable car lines to reach the Santa Fe depot.

The Daniel Best gas engine has proven by actual working tests in twenty different places in this neighborhood to be the most reliable and economical gas or gasoline engine now in the market. Crawford & Johnson, agents, No. 334 South Los Angeles street.

Wmson's music store, No. 327 South Spring street, headquarters for musical instruments, sheet music, music books, etc. Standard and reliable. See how the engine now in the market. Crawford & Johnson, agents, No. 334 South Los Angeles street.

Don't forget the address—Williamson Bros., No. 327 South Spring.

Strain's Camp, Wilson's Peak. Accommodations first-class. Leave Santa Fe train to Santa Anita (Sierra Madre). "Bus meets all trains for foot of trail, where burros and mules can be had to take up trail, proprietor, Sierra Madre postoffice.

\$5 on Saturday and Sunday to San Diego and return. Tickets good returning Monday. Visit Hotel del Coronado, take a rail on the bay out to Point Loma. It will invigorate you. Trains leave Santa Fe depot at 9:15 a.m. and 3:05 p.m.

For pleasure and comfort go to Catalina and stop at the Grand View Hotel, every room an outside room, 1900 feet of piazza. Music hall and bath rooms free of guests. Table first-class. Rate \$5 per day. Special rate by the week.

Cheaper than paying rent: riding on the California Southern Railway fast seaside trains. Only one fare for the round trip on Saturday and Sunday to either Redondo or Santa Monica. Six trains each way. (See time table.)

Every Saturday and Sunday evening the Santa Fe runs a special train to Redondo Beach, leaving First street station at 7:30 a.m., returning leaves Redondo at 10 p.m. Only one fare for the round trip on these trains.

Rev. A. C. Smith, pastor of the Temple Street Christian Church, will preach at 11 a.m. and at 7:45 he will deliver a lecture on his trip to the New York Endeavor convention. All endeavorers in the city invited.

The National Republican Club invites all the Republican clubs in the city to its meeting at its hall No. 100 North Broadway next Tuesday night, August 23. It is hoped this invitation will be generally accepted.

All regularly commissioned army nurses seeing this notice confer a card to the Woman's Relief Corps by communicating with Mary E. Hartwell, No. 1201 Georgia Bell street, Los Angeles, Cal.

The members of Stanton Relief Corps are requested to meet at the Hall, No. 118 South Spring street, every afternoon of this week, at 2 p.m., to rehearse ritualistic work. Mary E. Hartwell, President.

Los Angeles to Long Beach and return 50 cents, and San Pedro and return 50 cents, on the Los Angeles Terminal Railway, good going Saturday or Sunday and returning Saturday Sunday and Monday.

The Ninth Regiment are in camp at Long Beach. Dress parade Sunday afternoon at 4:30. Special leaves at Terminal at 5:35 p.m., giving all a chance to see it. Fare only 50 cents round trip.

The usual attractions at Terminal Island Sunday. Finest bathing on the Coast. Swimming, rowing, sailing, fishing. Fine ash diners. Fare only 50 cents round trip.

Rev. Stine will preach at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. at the English Lutheran Church, corner Eighth and Flower streets. Miss Barton will sing. All invited; seats free.

The Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine office has been removed to Smart's music store, No. 218 South Spring.

Street Superintendent Hutchinson returned yesterday from Camp Annapolis, at

just as much right to burn down the houses of workmen as a body of striking workmen on the night light railway to burn down "white" houses that company? If the rights of property have nothing sacred about them it is evident that the torch is just as legitimate a weapon of warfare in the hands of one side as of the other, and that it is simply a reversion to the old doctrine that might makes right.

Brother armed against brother is a fearful sight at any time, but it is better that the riotous strikers should be shot down than that the people should have to confess their incapacity to govern themselves. Men who will not respect the law of the land can have nothing to expect for themselves but to be crushed by a superior force and to be made to know that the Government is supreme and will be obeyed.

His Didn't squeal.

Some recently published stories about Senator Wolcott of Colorado remind me of the Chicago News-Record of this one, which was current a few years ago. One of his friends in Leadville took Mr. Wolcott to drive one day, and the Senator, who was to be ventured to hint that the horses were a trifle frisky. He was badgered a good deal, immediately, about his supposed timidity. At length the vehicle began to descend one of those steep, almost precipitous inclines, in which Colorado roads abound. "Will you let me drive awhile?" asked Mr. Wolcott. "Certainly," answered the other, suspecting no evil. But no sooner had Mr. Wolcott got the reins than he turned to his companion and said: "You have been shaking me for my timidity. My turn has come now. We'll see who squeals first!" "With that he swung the reins over the horses' backs," says the News-Record. "and began playing the whips furiously. The frightened horses dashed down the hill, swinging the buggy around curves and against boulders in such a way as to threaten the driver's life. Mr. Wolcott continued to ply the whip and to shout at the maddened brutes. Finally the buggy was overturned, and the horses broke away and Wolcott and his friend were left in a confused heap, with a broken axle, a sprained ankle and a dozen body cuts and bruises between them. "Well, how do you like it?" asked Wolcott, gathering himself together and emerging nimbly from the debris. The other answered feebly, but proudly: "I haven't squealed yet!"

Don't forget the green feed during the dry season, in which clippings of alfalfa, alfalfa, apricot leaves and other green things may be utilized by the use of a cutter and greatly benefit the fowls in health as well as increase the egg production and reduce the expense for grain.

Poul water is one of the chief causes of sickness among poultry in California, but with a little care this can be remedied with less labor than in countries where rain falls at intervals during the summer season. By putting the water vessels in the shade the water will keep sweet and comparatively cool during our warmest weather and the poultry-keeper will be uneasy from fear that his fowls will gain access to muddy or stagnant water.

The mounting season is at hand and the best of care should be used instead of the usual neglect. The point is to feed and manage the fowls that the rate of laying will not be impaired and to prevent the resumption of egg production in the fall.

To Poison Rabbits.

The English Royal Agricultural Society gives this recipe for poisoning: Take a quantity of oatmeal that would fill a common-sized wash basin, add to it two pounds of coarse brown sugar and one dessertspoonful of arsenic. Mix these very well together, and then put the composition into an earthen jar. From time to time place a tablespoonful of this in the runs which the rats frequent, and the health of the rats will partake of it freely, and it will soon put an end to all their depredations.

The country we live in is producing millions of pounds of fine fruit. The weather is fine for drying. All along the Southern California Railway busy hands are at work, picking, pitting and drying fruit. It is a source of gratification to see men, women and children at work in the industrial branch of horticulture which so much enriches our country.—California Advance, Lordsburg.

CORONADO DURING THE SUMMER.

This magnificent sea-side resort has no equal either on the Atlantic or on the Pacific slope. The beautiful, large, new swimming tanks are the finest in the world; are constantly supplied with streams of hot and cold salt water flowing into them. The dressing-rooms are large, sunny and comfortable with every convenience attached. Fishing, hunting, boating and horseback excursions can be fully indulged in. Surf bathing is very fine on a hard, sandy beach. Round-trip tickets from Los Angeles, Pasadena, Pomona, San Bernardino, Colton, Riverside, Redlands, Orange, Anaheim and Santa Ana, all \$2.00, including one week's board in \$3.00 or \$5.00 room. Privilege longer stay at \$2.50 per day.

E. D. Yeomans, Agent, Los Angeles, 129 N. Spring street. Tickets for sale at Santa Fe office, 129 N. Spring street, or at First street depot; at all other points, local railroad agents.

GLOVES CLEANED, FEATHERS cleaned and dyed. No. 236 South Main st.

FRUIT JARS and Jelly Glasses.

The Mason and Lightning self-sealers, also refrigerators, blenders, etc., at E. L. Farnice, 235 and 236 South Spring street.

GENTS' HATS cleaned, dyed and pressed. Hartley, Hatter, No. 234 South Main street.

You know what you are eating when you use

Cleveland's Baking Powder

Absolutely the Best

Every ingredient is plainly printed on the label, information other manufacturers do not give.

THE BUSY BEE.

YOU haven't heard from us for some time because we have been busy with carpenters, painters and decorators in transforming our store into the model shoe store of Los Angeles. Elegance, convenience and beauty have been our objects, and we are rapidly attaining them. Our old friends don't know us. They wonder into our store and ask, "Is this the Busy Bee?" Yes, it is; it is the same Busy Bee, hard at work serving up bargains that tickle the public and cause competition to wonder where we got our goods. Well, here's a little starter for an opener.

"We have been neither dead nor sleeping!"

We Place on Sale: Ladies' Dongola Kid—

Patent tip button shoes, \$2.00

They are cheap at \$2.00

We have an immense amount of Oxfords in stock; too many, and we must reduce it.

Oxfords at \$1.00 | Oxfords at \$1.25

The Prettiest—

daintiest, neatest Oxford in the world; cloth top, patent tip, very stylish, cheap at \$2.50.

AT \$2.00 A PR.

Misses' Dongola Kid—

button shoes; spring heel; extra nice sizes, 11 to 12, at

\$1.50

The greatest line of Men's \$3.00 shoes on earth; a dozen different makes. We warrant every pair. We are sole agents for Burt & Packard's celebrated men's shoes; the latest and best wearing goods in the market.

WM. O'REILL & CO.,

201 North Spring-st.

Atlantic and Pacific Steamship Line

Compound Oxygen

Dr. M. Hilton Williams,

197 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

Read the following:

HON. JOHN WINSTON, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "Dr. Williams' Compound Oxygen cured me of my chronic bronchitis in three months of standing. His compound oxygen did it."

MRS. DR. SHELLEY of St. Joseph, Mo., says: "I came to Los Angeles in January, 1892, with Tubercular Consumption, first stage, but Dr. Williams' Compound Oxygen cured me in three months."

MRS. HON. JOHN GRUZZI, Victoria, B. C., says: "I came to Los Angeles in February, 1892, with Catarrh of the Larynx and Bronchitis of ten years' standing. In three months cured. Dr. Williams' Compound Oxygen cured me."

MRS. EFFIE JOHNSON came from Albany, N. Y., in September, 1890, with Dyspepsia and Catarrh of the Stomach, and in four months was able to return home, cured by the Compound Oxygen.

MRS. JOHN SNYDER of Portland, Or., says: "I came to Los Angeles in January, 1892, with a terrible cough and in the first stages of tubercular consumption. Had suffered from twelve months' coughing and had lost 15 pounds in weight. Cured by the Compound Oxygen."

Hundreds of testimonials received from all parts of the United States and Canada.

CONSULTATION FREE.

Those who desire to consult me in regard to their cases had better call at the office for examination. In the event of a visit the office personally can write for a list of questions and circulars, both of which will be sent free of charge. Address:

M. Hilton Williams, M. D.

197 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

MOSGROVE'S DRESSMAKING!

This department is under the management of the most experienced and thorough cutter and dressmaker in the city. All styles of dress, in style, and originality of design, she is without a peer. TOURISTS can have their suits made in one day's time, and be assured of satisfaction. MOSGROVE'S suits given special attention. Bring your own material, or you can make a selection from a high and exclusive class of newly dress patterns from my stock. Prices as low as any first-class costumer.

MOSGROVE'S THE LEADING Cloak and Suit House,

1195 Spring St., adjoining the National Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.

REMOVAL NOTICE!

Pironi & Slatari,

Proprietors of West Glendale Winery and Vineyard, Manufacturers of dry and sweet wines, distillers of pure grape brandy are now permanently located at

340 North Main-st., (Baker Block) for their city and jobbing business. Phone 104. P.O. Box 187, Station C.

Bridge Work. DENTIST!

Crown and Bridge Work. Specialty. Teeth filled and extracted without pain. Set of Teeth \$7 to \$20. 118 South Spring. Hours: 9 to 5 p.m.

A Babble from Buzzard's Bay

Grover and Ben a-fishing went,

In grandpa's big plug hat;

The sun shone down and melted the crown

And left them puzzled and flat.

"Oh, what shall we do," said the immortal two

As they rooked on the billowy brine;

"We'll go ashore to the People's Store

And each buy a 49.

SWEEPING STRAWS!

AT 49! YES 49!

Every Straw Hat in our house goes for 49c; lots worth up to \$1.50 and none worth under 50c. We still have about 25 cases to sell—at this price they'll be closed out at a lightning rate, for our department is crowded with a constant stream of customers.

Sweeping SUMMER Underwear!

AT 49! YES 49!

An entire table brimful, loaded down with odds and ends of Summer Underwear, worth up to \$1.00 each; all at 49, yes 49.

SWEEPING SPECIALS!

Empress Cloth Outings, 8 1/2c a yard.....in stock at 12 1/2c

Chester Cord, 12 1/2c a yard.....formerly 15c

5-button Suede Gloves, 75c a pair.....in stock at \$1.25

Linen Huck Towels, 80c, extra size.....in stock at 85c

8-quart Fountain Syringes, 1.25.....worth \$2.25

4-quart Fountain Syringes, \$1.50.....worth \$2.50

Wool Challies, 1.50, handsome patterns.....worth 25c

Japanese Crepe Cloths, 8 1/2c.....in stock at 15c

Colored Embroidered Hemstitched Edicts, 10c.....in stock at 20c

Podgor Parols, \$1.25.....in stock at \$2.50

Ladies' Fine Silbrign Vests, 20c.....in stock at 35c

Ladies' Gray Merino Suits, 80c.....in stock at 90c

White Canvas Belts, 10c.....in stock at 20c

Marcelline Pattern Bedspreads, 75c.....in stock at \$1.10

Lace Curtain Net, 20c a yard.....in stock at 35c

Hammocks, large size, \$1.00.....in stock at \$1.50

5-year or 6-year Yoking, 25c.....in stock at 35c

Cambrie Embroidery, 8c.....in stock at 15c

Swiss Dowl Flouncing, 12 1/2c.....in stock at 40c

Black Silk Lace Scarfs, 35c.....in stock at \$1.50

Japanese Folding Fans, 5c.....in stock at 12 1/2c

Red Torchon Lace, 15c apiece.....in stock at 35c

Black Silk Lace, 5 inches wide, 10c a yard.....in stock at 25c

Best Shirting Prints, 8c a yard.....in stock at 8 1/2c

Ladies' Summer Corsets, 80c.....in stock at 95c

Black Satin Skirts, \$1.00.....in stock at \$1.50

Panjab Silks, 25 in wide, all colors, 50c.....in stock at 75c

Children's Solid Colored Hose, 5c a pair.....in stock at 10c

Men's Fine Flannel Undr Dress Shirts, 80c.....in stock at \$1.25

Men's White Lamb's Wool Underwear, 75c.....in stock at \$1.25

Men's Fine Outing Shirts, \$1.00.....in stock at \$1.75

Men's Jumpers, 25c.....in stock at 35c

Men's and Boys' Long Pants, 25c.....in stock at \$1.25

SHOE SWEEPS!

Holbrook—

Ladies' hand-turned Don Oxfords,

Orin Jones's San Francisco make—

Ladies' finest French Kid, widths A to EE,

Reduced from \$5.00.....

Vogard, Langlow & Curry imported Floret Paris Shoes—

Patent tip, common sense and opera toe,

Out from \$5.00.....

Wm. Porter & Son, Lynn, Mass. make—

Dongola opera toe Slippers,

Value, \$1.50.....

N. D. Dodge, Boston, Mass. make—

Misses' dongola one-strap Sandals,

Value, \$1.25.....

American Shoe Company, Lynn, Mass.—

Misses' tan color Goat Button Shoes,

Reduced from \$1.75.....

Men's—

Russell Oat Lace Shoes—

Reduced from \$6.00.....

Lilly, Brackett & Co.'s—

Men's full stock Oat Button Shoes,

Reduced from \$3.00.....

Men's calf Lace Shoes—

Well made and serviceable,

Reduced from \$2.75.....

Lilly, Brackett & Co.'s—

Men's calf Congress, hand sewed,

Reduced from \$3.75.....

Lilly, Brackett & Co.'s—

Men's calf Bala, hand sewed,

Reduced from \$3.75.....

Boys' Full stock Calf Shoes—

Good and solid, and made for wear,

Reduced from \$2.50.....

Misses'—

Spring-heel and Dongola and Goat Shoes,

Reduced from \$2.00.....

Misses'—

Heel Dongola Shoes, patent tip,

Reduced from \$2.25.....

1.50

BOY'S SUIT SWEEPS!

All Boy's Suits, With Either Knee or Long Pants

Reduced. 25 per cent. taken off your bill.

Have it taken off by all means; it is money in your pocket.

People's Store,

A. Hamburger & Sons, Proprietors,

—August 21, 1892.

RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

One Hundred Million of These Common People.

Something About How and Where the Hordes Live.

Russia's Vast Resources and How They are Lying Dormant.

The Russian Farms and Poor Methods of Agriculture—How a Peasant Village Looks—The Women and How They Live.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

Moscow, July 28, 1892.—First the famine and now the cholera have brought to the attention of the world one of the least known and at the same time one of the strongest elements of its population. The Russian peasants are typical of the mass of the world which they own. The great Russian empire is packed full of undeveloped resources. The czar himself has no idea of the wealth of his country. Millions upon millions of acres of it have never been touched by the plow, and hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of its square miles have never



Village elders.

been prospected. It has gold regions as rich as any in the world which have never been worked with modern mining machinery, and its vast iron and copper regions produce the finest metals of this kind known to man. Its oil regions have for a long time been competing with those of the United States, and Russian oil has largely driven us out of the markets of Asia.

It has all sorts of precious stones and as to its agricultural possibilities these are far greater than those of any country in the world. There are millions of square miles of the best of wheat land in Siberia and Asiatic Russia which have never been touched by the plow, and of the vast grain regions of Europe Russia only a small part of it is under cultivation. Such lands as are cultivated are farmed after the rudest methods, and as it is in ordinary seasons Russia is the greatest grain-exporting country of the world, surpassing even the United States in this regard.

The bulk of this great wealth of Russia is now lying dormant. Like the sleeping princess in the fairy tale it only waits the kiss of capital and labor to bring it into life, and no one can tell how soon these giants of material progress will stir up their limbs and moisten their lips to kiss the sleeping maiden. Russia has in her own territory the labor necessary for the world, and if this was used aright there would be no land so rich upon the face of the earth today. Admiral Porter once told me that at a fair estimate every man and woman in a country worth \$800 as one of the elements of that country's wealth. At this rate the peasantry of Russia are worth \$800,000,000 to Russia, and when once waked up to their possibilities they will make the Russian empire jump as though it had on the seven-league boots of modern progress. As it is, however, the peasantry of Russia are more asleep than Russia's material resources. I am impressed every day more and more with the fact that their wonderful working power and their dormant possibilities. They are the wonder among the laborers of the world. Surrounded by the wealth of Ceres, endowed with the muscles of Hercules, born with the germ of manly best intelligence, they live, labor and die without knowing their power or appreciating the fact that they might be better and richer than they are. Simple and ignorant, these 100,000,000 of strong, able-bodied well-developed people are intellectually asleep. They are men with the minds of children, who under a different system would quickly develop into as intelligent workers and as good citizens as our best Americans.

Peasant Russia is by far the most interesting feature of modern Russia today. The peasants are, in fact, the Russia of today, and their 800,000 villages make up, as I have said before, this great Russian empire. All of these villages are alike, and when you have visited one Russian village you have to a great extent seen the whole Russian empire. The Russian peasant never has a home outside of a village. He is a social animal, and in the thousands of miles which I have traveled through the different parts of European Russia during the past few weeks, I have not seen a single house standing by itself in the fields. In looking over a Russian landscape you see no fences marking off the farms as you do in America. There are no bank barns nor straw hay stacks keeping sentinel watch, as it were, over the fields, and the lone farm house on the Western prairies of America, separated by miles from any similar habitation, is absent. You see no one working alone in the fields without it being there a shepherd or a short-skirted maiden watching the cattle. The people work in gangs of from half a dozen to 100, and their life in their villages and in the fields is a social one. The common interest which they have in the lands belonging to the village ties them together in other ways, and they are more closely associated with one another than any other people of the world.

I have visited many of these villages within the past month. Let me tell you how they look. Riding through the country on the railroad you see scattered over the landscape what in the distance look like two rows of low, oblong hay stacks running irregularly for a mile or more in one direction. Each of these collections of hay stacks is a Russian village, and when you get

closer to it you see that what you supposed were hay stacks are thatched roofs, and the lower part of each stack is made of logs, sun-dried bricks or of wattled twigs. You now note that the wide road along which these huts stand is full of half-naked babies, squalling children and all of the queer characters of Russian peasant life. The ordinary village has but one roadway, and this is more like a road cut through the fields than an American street. It is generally about 100 or more feet wide, and the houses standing along it at all angles and with no regularity or order. There are no gardens in front of them or behind them. They have no front yards fenced off from the road and I have not yet seen any signs of a sidewalk of any kind in any village I have visited. The street is not paved and the only part free from mud is the center where the wagons have cut ruts into the black soil. The remainder is a lawn of good solid turf, on which the cattle graze, the dogs and the children play and upon which the people meet in the evening to gossip and chat. Now and then you find a tree or so on one of these village streets, and under these on the ground may be a woman with her babies about her and with other babies tied to the branches of the trees in the oblong shallow boxes which constitute the cradles of Russia. Other women may be sitting about, spinning or sewing, and on the steps of the huts or in the doorways you will see old men and shock-haired children.

There is little difference in the houses of a Russian village. They are all of one story and the same height, but not more than twenty feet square. Its log walls are about eight feet from the ground to the top where they meet the ridge roof of brown thatch, and this thatch is of straw and is often eighteen inches thick. It is put on so well that it will last for years, and during the past winter a great many of the houses were unroofed to give the straw thatch to the starving cattle and horses. I say in the famine districts many huts which were covered with bare poles, and in which the people are sheltered today only by the board ceiling which runs across these walls of logs, forming the floor of the loft of the huts. The average Russian hut has one door and two little windows at the front, with sometimes a second window in the rear. The front door is much like a rude stable door such as is sometimes knocked up by our farmers, and it leads into the living room of the hut, but not into a little storeroom or sort of vestibule which forms one end of the cabin. This room is usually without any flooring but that of the ground. You may see the chickens or other animals belonging to the family, and some of the farming tools of the establishment stand about its walls. In the center of one side of it is a door reached by one or two low steps and leading into the house proper and forming the entrance to the room that is in fact the kitchen and the dining room of the hut, and which may be called the Russian peasants' home. In it the family sleep, eat, cook and live, and when it is remembered that fully half of the year in Russia is made up of bitter winter when the



IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

days are short and the nights are long it will be seen that the greater part of the peasant's existence is passed here. I can describe for you a living room of this kind which I visited in a village near Petrofokoi in the midst of the great black plain of Russia, where the land is as rich as the valley of the Nile and where the farmer should live as well as anywhere in the world, for he is working on the world's richest lands. This house of which I speak is that of a well-to-do peasant. It is, if anything, better than the average. Its living room was not more than 10x12 feet in size and one-fourth of this space was taken up by the great chimney, which formed the oven, the cooking-stove and the heating arrangement of the hut. This chimney was fully six feet wide and about eight feet long, and its front, in which were holes for fuel and an oven, rose from the floor to the ceiling. In the end facing the room, leaving about two feet for the chimney, there was cut out under the ceiling a ledge about three feet high and of the depth of the stove. This was, in fact, the top of the stove, and it formed, I was told, the bed of the family. They do not sleep in this hut, but they do sleep on the floor of the stove, and they do so as often as we do, but when they do sleep they make a business of it, and clean themselves with the famous Russian bath. No man or woman who does not take either a Turkish or Russian bath now and then ever gets clean.

The Russian peasant requires but a small wardrobe. He puts on one suit and wears it out, sticking to it night and day. Neither sex has any use for night shirts and all the family sleep in the same clothes that they wear in the day time. They know nothing of bed clothing or of the luxury of clean sheets and soft pillows, and they sleep more like sheep than like men. Young girls and young men, married and single, babies and grandmothers, all crowd together, and the animal heat of the whole added to that of the stove makes them warm. Their winter clothing is made up largely of sheepskins with the wool turned inward, and the people seem to stand the heat and cold equally well. Their clothes cost them but little. The men wear calico pants and shirts in the summer and they have red calico shirts, which they wear outside of their pants. The latter are held up by a string around the waist



The elements that create the shadow of an impending danger to the laborer of the United States.

and often turned in at the legs below the knee, being wrapped about with the rags which form the stockings of peasant Russia. These rags are wrapped about the feet and over the ankles and the lower part of the calves. If the Russian is rich enough he pulls a pair of high boots over them, and into the tops of these he stuffs his pants. If he is poor, as is the case with ninety-nine hundredths of his kind, he wears felt boots in the winter and low slippers in the summer. These slippers are of woven grass or bark. They are made without heels and are worn by all. The peasant girls, in fact, wear the same kind of footgear as the boys, and the belle of one of the Russian villages never knows the delights of barber-pole stockings and her garters do not cost her a shilling in a lifetime.

Neither sex wears any underclothing as a great step will have been made when you can make these people believe that such items as drawers and undershirts are among the absolute necessities of life. As it is their needs are so small that they have not the incentives to work to satisfy them that we have, and man's whole summer outfit would not cost as much as an American farmer spends for a coat. Their headgear is as cheap as the rest of their clothes, and the men all wear caps—when they wear anything—and the women tie up their heads in brightly-colored handkerchiefs, fastening these by knotting them under the chin. No Russian peasant girl ever dreams of buying or wearing corsets or stays and her hair is never dressed. The main dish of soup, and this is furnished in a wooden bowl as big around as a wash basin and about the length of a finger in depth. The family sit around the bowl and chairs, and eat with spoons and forks which would hold twice as much as one of our tablespoons, in his hands, and with these he dips out the soup from the common dish and carries it to his mouth.

There are no knives and forks to be seen on the table and plates and cups and saucers are missing. I went with the Countess Tolstol through one of her villages on the Tolstol estate at Yasnaya Polyana, and in one of the houses which we visited we found the family at dinner. The Countess told me that this was one of the richest families of peasants on her estate, and what do you think was their menu? It was cabbage soup and rye bread. The family were sitting around the table and there were about ten of them in all. Each had one of these wooden spoons and they were scooping out the soup at a great rate. They had no butter and no meat, and the Russian peasants see not a little of this. They are happy if they can get a bit of meat once a week, and their chief diet is cabbage soup and rye bread, with a sort of a buckwheat mush as a change. They have milk from their own cows and eggs from their hens, and their favorite drink is a sort of a beer, which they make from black bread called kvass. They are very rigid as to fast days, and they eat now and then a bit of dry fish, which is cheap and plentiful. They are fond of soup, cabbage and cucumbers, and they eat their cucumbers raw with their skins on. But they have no idea of what we would call garden stuff, and in the famine parts of Russia, where the people are still being largely supported by charity, there are vast quantities of greens going to waste which would be used greedily in any other part of Europe or in the United States. In the black plain which I have described as the garden of Russia and as the most fertile part of Europe I visited a village where I found the bake oven of a large landed proprietor going night and day baking American corn meal and flour into bread for the people. There were hundreds of loaves of this black bread in the ovens and the villagers came every day to get food. Still in driving over the fields to this place I saw great quantities of weeds which we use for making the shape of salads and vegetables going to waste, and such things as green peas and the hundreds of other vegetables which we raise these peasants don't eat. Their only vegetable outside of cabbages and cucumbers seems to be potatoes, and as to farming, they raise the same crops from the same seed year after year.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.
Two Typewriters.
(Chicago Times.)
Oh, here's to one type of the typewriter girl.
Who comes to the office at ten,
Whose bleached Psyche twist terminates in a curl,
Whose thoughts are of marriage and men.
She languidly sits in a soft easy chair,
And prays that no business may come,
And reads French novels of love and despair.
While she busily masticates gum.
And here's to her sister, whose dresses are plain,
Who is practical, earnest and bright,
Who honors her work and would never disdain
To labor from morning till night.
The former fair dreamer is out of her sphere,
And is rapidly fading away,
While more of the latter are wanted each year.
For they are in the business to stay.



At dinner.

I venture that ninety-nine hundredths of the readers of this letter have never known what it is to be really clean. The pores of one's body are the sewers of the system, and the ordinary soap scrubbing which most people call washing only touches the mouths of these and does not reach the interior of the million odd sewer pipes of the system at all. The only way to clean these is by copious perspiration continued for some time, and this result is attained by the Russian bath. These people boil themselves at least once a week in steam to bring about this result, and if they cannot get the steam they crawl into their ovens and sweat it out. Nearly every village has a steam bath house, and the whole population turns out every Saturday and before every holy communion, a confession or fast day and for the time becomes bodily clean. I am told that in the villages both sexes go into the bath at the same time and that the men and

women, boys and girls all bathe together. It is said that no person but a Russian could stand the experience of one of these vapor baths such as are taken in the same oven in which the family bakes its bread, and I am sure no other person would care to utilize the bake oven for this purpose. I hear that in the winter the peasants sometimes roll naked out from the hot bath and rush in the snow, and this I can conceive to be possible, for in the country villages of Japan a man will come naked from the hot bath into the cold winter air and walk home with his clothes under his arm.

Of course villages of this nature have no sanitary arrangements whatever. There are no street lamps or water works, and the women of the family draw the water from the well of the town or carry it from the nearest stream. No Russian girl of such a peasant village ever sees a washboard or has any idea of washing machines or patent wringers. She does not even know what a washbasin is, and the clothes of the family are carried by her to the nearest stream, and standing in her bare legs in the water she pounds the dirt out of them with a club. The culinary arrangements are quite as primitive, and cooking has not the terror for the Russian woman that it has for the American. In the first place there is little to cook and the methods of cooking are very few. There are practically no dishes to wash, and as to table linen and napkins they are unheard of and unknown. The dining table is easily set for dinner. The main dish is soup, and this is furnished in a wooden bowl as big around as a wash basin and about the length of a finger in depth. The family sit around the bowl and chairs, and eat with spoons and forks which would hold twice as much as one of our tablespoons, in his hands, and with these he dips out the soup from the common dish and carries it to his mouth.

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FRANK G. CARPENTER.
A MIDSUMMER MADNESS.
I wanted the house on her "afternoon,"
I wanted that may be—
To get from her snowy hand the boon
Of a tiny cup of tea.
Whether its black, or whether its green,
Or whether its white, or whether its brown,
Who cares, if behind the big green
I can give her hand a squeeze!
When other fellows get a cup
I'm torn with jealousy—
In one such solemn moment
A playful "high tea."
I go again, still later,
We saunter 'neath the stars,
My heart burns like a crater
In bright, approaching Mars.
To whispers fond, or tender sigh,
She listens quick, very.
For she knows quite as well as I,
It's only temporary.
For you must sentimental
End with vacation's whirl.
For I'm a detrimental
And she a summer girl.

A SUMMER THOUGHT.
A warm soft, sky above,
A bird's song in the air:
The loving thought of heart of friend—
This makes the world seem fair.

Up high the stars shine out,
Grass grows so green below:
The journeying bird sings on and on;
Why should we murmur so?
Los Angeles, August 13, 1892.
L. V. N.
That's the Way of It.
[Atlanta Constitution.]
He pitched his white tent in the wilds,
Far from the human "set,"
And with a faith just like a child's,
He said, "I'll get there yet."
He put him up a case of type,
A hand press and a "stick,"
And there, where screamed the owl and snipe,
He made the letters "click."
They wondered what he was about,
When in the woods they found him,
But when he got his paper out,
They built a town around him.
The cabbage worm is one of the worst enemies to the gardener, because it eats the leaves of the plants, and it is not safe to apply to other plants which cannot be used with safety on this vegetable. It is stated that the cabbage worm, sprayed on the cabbage, is a sure destroyer of the insect—
[American Cultivator.]

THE NEW BALLOT LAW.

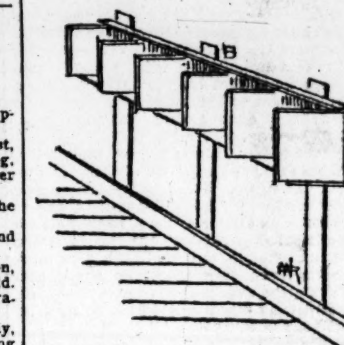
How to Vote by the Australian System.

How to Construct and Arrange the Voting Booths.

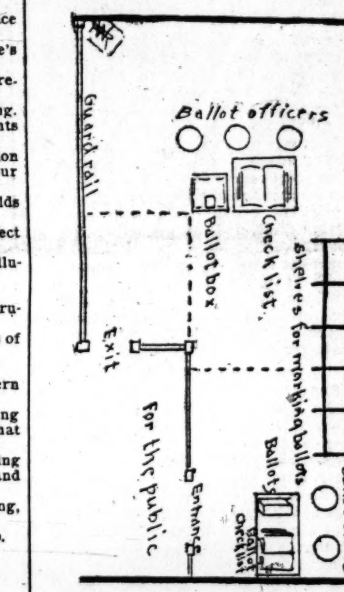
A Sample Ticket Showing How to Mark the Candidates.

An Explanation Which Will Throw Some Light on the New Methods—What the Australian Law is for.

A reader of THE TIMES writes to ask for information regarding the Australian system of voting. As this new ballot law is now in force in California, and a great many voters are as yet unacquainted with its workings, a few points will here be given to assist in a proper understanding of the modus operandi.



To illustrate the plan of arranging the voting places two cuts are given, showing the booths. Cut No. 1 shows the boxes or compartments in which the voter prepares his ballot.



Then walk over to the ballot box, and mark your ballot in accordance with your wishes, and pass in front of the group at the left, and announce your name to the judges of election. When the young man sitting at the desk finds your name properly registered you are permitted to deposit the ballot in the box and pass out. That is all there is to it.

It has been claimed by some that the new law can be beaten, and that vote-buying cannot be prevented by the expenditure of money. The following editorial from the San Francisco Examiner seems to state the case about as fairly as it can be done:

"A correspondent of the Examiner warned the California electors of the method by which the Australian ballot system was beaten in Montana. It was a variation of the 'Tasmania dodge,' a voter being bribed to bring out a ballot by substituting a piece of blank paper for the official ballot that was given him on entering the booth. In the 'Tasmania dodge' the voter was supposed to vote the blank paper; in the Montana case to tear it up. The official ballot being brought outside, it was filled up by the vote buyer, given to the next voter, who cast the marked ballot, and brought out a fresh official ballot. The system was thus made a check on the bribed voter."

"Whether this trick was actually worked or not in the case mentioned is amply provided for in the California law. In the first place the voter is forbidden to leave the booth until he has delivered up the ballot he has received on entering. He must give it to the inspector if he wishes to vote it, or return it to the ballot clerk in case he does not.

to show how to mark votes. If a straight ticket is voted, an 'X' in the space at the right of the party for which the voter desires to cast his ballot is sufficient. But a split ticket requires an 'X' opposite each name voted for. Only one office is on this ticket. All are arranged in the same manner.

SAMPLE BALLOT.

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC TICKET (straight)	
REGULAR REPUBLICAN TICKET (straight)	
REGULAR PROHIBITION TICKET (straight)	
To vote for a person, stamp a cross [X] in the square at the right of his name.	
Governor.	Vote for One.
1 John Doe Democrat	
2 S. R. Coe Republican	
3 R. Roe Prohibition	

C. P. HUNTINGTON.

A Letter from the Railroad Magnate—The Trade of Eastern Arizona.
New York, July 21, 1892.
To the Editor of the Wave—Sir: In the Wave of recent date appears an article entitled "The Wave of the Nation," which I have read with much interest. I wish all the people of California would read it carefully, particularly those residing or doing business in or near the city of San Francisco, as I think it contains many valuable suggestions with respect to the problem of how to build up and develop the trade and commercial importance of your city. It is becoming more and more evident to the people of San Francisco themselves that something must be done in this direction and that a radical change of policy must be made. Nothing can be gained by tearing down, but everything by building up. In California it has been "every man for himself" ever since the State became a nation, and nowhere in the Union has this selfish and unwise spirit been more pronounced.

California has many advantages. Its geographical position is good, her climate and the vastness of her territory other in the world. San Francisco is her natural emporium, her commercial and financial center. Who says that San Francisco cannot be made one of the finest cities in the world, situated as she is upon one of the finest harbors of the world, with her invigorating climate, that is neither hot in summer nor cold in winter; in fact a climate that seems to have been so prepared that it could make the greatest effort there? How has she improved her opportunities? On what seas has she sent her ships out to gather tonnage to fill her warehouses and bring home crude material to her mills? For centuries the Caucasian race has been endeavoring to reach by the shortest lines the Orient to gather its rich commerce. A vast amount of money has been made and great cities built out of the profits of that commerce. It was left for San Francisco to make a course toward the business, to repel it, to scatter and not to gather it. Yes, the only ships that she has ever chartered—she has never built any—were chartered because she hoped by so doing to be able to tear down one of the greatest industries in the Orient to gather its rich commerce. A vast amount of money has been made and great cities built out of the profits of that commerce. It was left for San Francisco to make a course toward the business, to repel it, to scatter and not to gather it. Yes, the only ships that she has ever chartered—she has never built any—were chartered because she hoped by so doing to be able to tear down one of the greatest industries in the Orient to gather its rich commerce. A vast amount of money has been made and great cities built out of the profits of that commerce. It was left for San Francisco to make a course toward the business, to repel it, to scatter and not to gather it. Yes, the only ships that she has ever chartered—she has never built any—were chartered because she hoped by so doing to be able to tear down one of the greatest industries in the Orient to gather its rich commerce.

No boy or man ever got a ride by crying "Whip behind!" Let each one do the best he can for himself without doing harm to others.

I once heard a wise man say that the manufacturer who made the best article he could for a certain price would, if he lived long enough, die rich; while the one who made the poorest article he could for a certain price would die poor; and I believe there few exceptions to this rule. If the wealthy men of California who manipulate the produce of the State—vegetable, animal or mineral—would pay the highest price they could, with safety to themselves, they would be doing a good thing for California, as such a course would—at least it should be the natural result—increase the product of the State. There are so many things which ought to be said, so many things that ought to be done, and must be, before San Francisco becomes a great city.

She shall have my best wishes and efforts, but I can do little. There is a business that California cannot reach—the business of Eastern Asia. It built up great cities upon the Euphrates and Tigris and along the shores of the Mediterranean, when it was once overland, and sustained them for many centuries. When the route of that business was changed to a line over the seas, as was the case after Da Gama discovered the route to the Cape of Good Hope, the same commerce built up great cities in Western Europe. The same business is as valuable now as it was in the centuries that have passed, and no people were ever better situated to profit by it than are the people of San Francisco.

Why do not the men of your city, who are so well equipped mentally and financially, gather this business and enrich not only themselves but the city by its control?
C. P. HUNTINGTON.

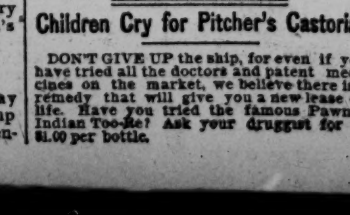
TO THE HILLS.

[The Independent.]
Ah! distant hills, ye must be happy so!
To lie along the sunset with no pain,
To watch the olive deepen into gray,
The silvery stars bring on the night again.
To watch them burning in the open sky,
Or flashing down a lake so dark and deep,
To ponder covered with your shadowy pines,
The while your rivers murmur in their sleep.
To hear the first thrush to the morning star break,
The wild, hidden within your very heart,
To send your eagles wheeling up the sky,
To signal from the height the dawn's first start.
To take the lightning on your fearless brow,
To feel the passionate storm wind surge and blow,
To know that calmness in the wild distress,
Ah, distant hills, ye must be happy so.

The Open Page.

[Boston Budget.]
When meadows don the cloth of gold,
And maples nod in caps of green,
When all that's gayest may be seen
Freely from the gloom and winter's mold,
And sitting backless loudly scold,
That berries hide cool leaves between,
When rushes tingle their lances keen,
Up through the brook in manner bold,
Full throated I will sing a year,
For I can read Pansy Nature's book,
She's fast asleep this drowsy noon,
And does not dream I am so near.
Ah, distant hills, ye must be happy so,
Step softly, lest she wake too soon.

ar.— of Sweden, aged 25, also a resident of Los Angeles,



Called from sleep by the cannon of crashing ice, we awakened in small hours—which here are large light—to see through the glimmer

**SICK HEADACHE
PIMPLES-SKIN AFFECTIONS
STOMACH DISEASES**
arising from Disordered Digestion
FOR SALE BY DRUGGIST & GROCERS.

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BEING first to introduce Aristocrat Photos in this city, we will make the Cabinet size worth, and should be made for not less than short time at \$2.50 per dozen. They are Four premiums and diploma awarded DEWEY at last Fair. Babies, Children's and Family Groups a specialty. Developing and finishing for amateurs.

DEWEY ART PARLORS 123-124 S. Spring St. W. S. Minn.

54

"The world do move," and one of the most pleasing advances in the technical education now made feasible for women, says the Jenness-Miller Misses, is the fact that the awarding of prizes by the Duchess of Westminster to the successful students in technical classes for cooking and laundery in Chester, an address on Technical Education for Women was given by Miss Mary L. Jenness-Miller, secretary of the Liverpool Training School of Cookery. In the course of her address Miss Calder pointed out how technical education had become heir to all the benefits of the revolution effected in domestic education by the introduction of practical teaching in domestic science, so that when the question came what should be taught to women,

everybody who is fortunate enough to be invited flocks in delighted anticipation of a happy hour. Sometimes the tea is served on the lawn, sometimes

small restaurant consists of bread, salad and a glass of wine. . . .
MARY HINMAN ABEL

"Yes," replied her husband, "Half Dome that you promised to take me to some day!" inquired Mrs. Squirre.

is of. In the thousand exigencies, opportunities and temptations of business life it cannot fail to be determined whether the divine law of God or the human law of selfishness shall have supreme sway in the soul. I choose between right and wrong, odds of getting gain, in the discharge of the trusts which business involves, and the treatment of others whose interests

Dr. Wong Min Chinese physician and surgeon, has resided in Los Angeles seventeen (17) years, reputation as a thorough physician has fully established and appreciated by many. His large practice is sufficient proof of ability and honesty.

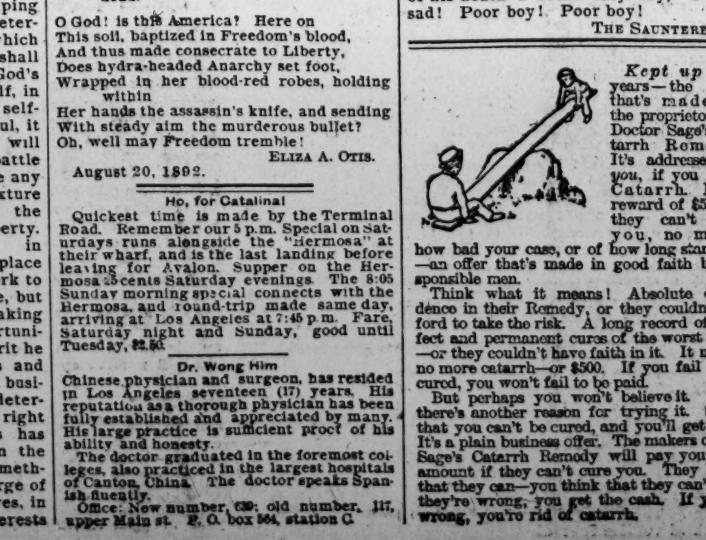
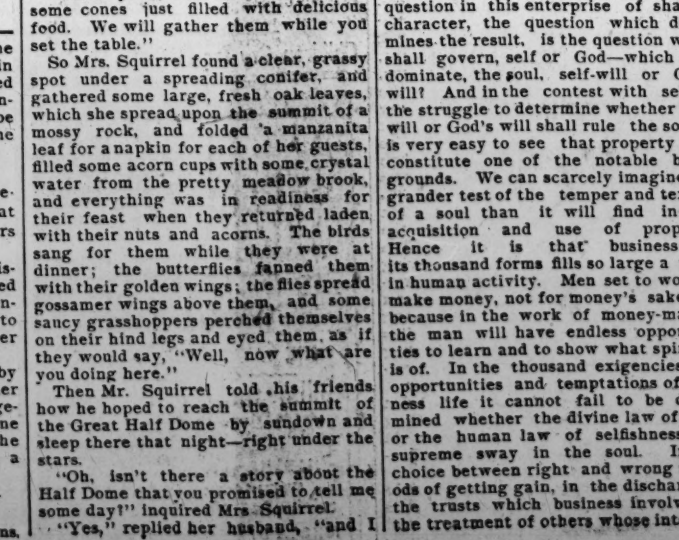
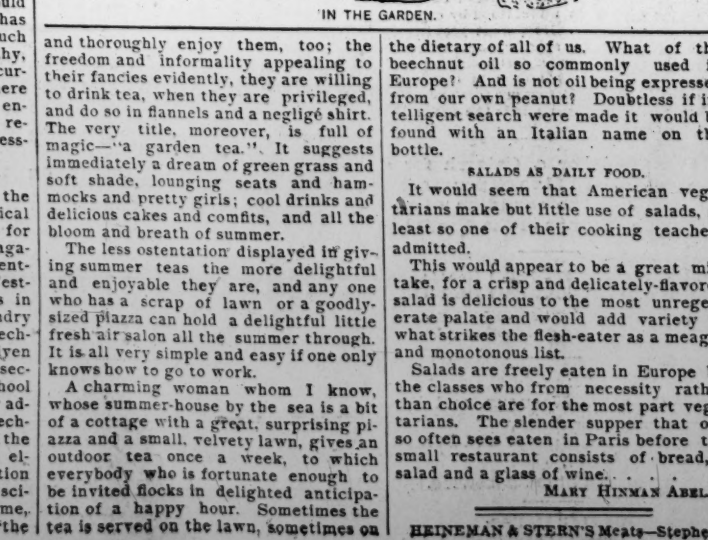
The doctor graduated in the foremost medical colleges, also practiced in the largest hospitals of Canton, China. The doctor speaks English fluently.

Office: 107 New number, 130; old number 131, upper Main st. P. O. box 564, station C

how bad your case, or of how long it's been an offense that's made in good faith, responsible man.

Think what it means! Absolute defense in their Remedy, or they could afford to take it. Long records of perfect and permanent cures, and they could not have faith in it. It is no more catarrh or \$500. If you fall in with them, you're a fool.

But perhaps you won't believe it. There's another reason for trying it. You can't be cured, and you'll get it. It's a plain business case. The makers of Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay you \$500 if you can't cure your catarrh, that they can't—your think that if you can't cure your catarrh, you get the cash. If you're wrong, you're rid of catarrh.



—business one-third larger than one year ago—

all goods marked in plain figures and sold for one price and for cash—this business is being conducted on the broadest and most liberal basis.

—largest cloak department in the city—sales equal to the combined sales of all the cloak houses in the city.

J. T. SHEWARD

—business one-third larger than one year ago—

if you buy any goods in this house and feel dissatisfied with your purchase, bring them back in a good merchantable condition and get your money.

—the cloak department equal in sales to the combined sales of all the cloak houses in the city.

“113-115 north spring street.”

—great sale of bath towels; 25c for the largest bath towel you ever saw—doubling up trade—closing out the shoe department—no more shoes after this lot is gone.

“A young man..?”

—was courting his best girl, as only a young man can; it was getting mighty interesting to him; he had got to the point that every time he gazed upon her his heart would go flip-flop like an old churn-dasher, and every time she gazed upon him her heart would go flip-flop—it wasn't a case of heart failure, as their hearts were real active; their hearts had really got the better of them—the young man would go and see the young lady at least seven nights out of the week; he hadn't popped the question yet; he was eating beef tea and all kinds of nerve tonic to get ready for the trying ordeal; he had finally screwed his courage up to the point that he must pop or burst—that night he put an extra coat of grease on his hair, fixed his necktie just right, pared and cleaned his finger nails, put an extra quality of bay rum on his sickly moustache and a larger quantity than usual of sweet new-mown hay on his kerchief; he looked into the mirror a dozen times at least, took several drinks of water and after dark he goes to see his sally marie—she met him at the door with “oh, willie, how sweet you look,” and willie thought about this time that the lord never made another girl her equal—they went into the parlor and sat down; they were both nervous; they had been acquainted for a long time, but that didn't keep them both from being nervous; she sat down and commenced to twirl her handkerchief and he would cross his legs, first one way then another; somehow their chairs began to try to get on the other side of each other, and the result was that sally maria landed plump in willie's lap; oh, it was so interesting about this time; willie wanted to pop, but his tongue wouldn't; he first put one arm around her waist, and for fear she would get away from him he put his other arm around and then began to hold on tighter and tighter; the veins stood out on his great, manly forehead like street-car tracks on a real estate agent's map, and their hearts went thumpy-thump, bumpety-bump, until they almost shook the windows in the house—here was the critical time and willie knew it; he began to unloosen his tongue and to tell her of his great love for her; he planted a great big kiss on her forehead and another on her cheek, and finally a terrific smack on her lips that could be heard by the old folks in the next room, and then blurted out that he would die right then and there if she didn't marry him; there was a pause for her answer and he felt sure it would be favorable; she began to squirm a little, and then she pushed her first one arm aside and then another, raised up a little and held a tiny strip of her dress in front of him and said, “oh, willie, you dear, dear creature, just see, you have burst my suspenders.”

“If we know..?”

—how to add to your welcome we would do it—our clerks are here to show goods and to show you attention—it is your right to say whether you wish to purchase or not; for that reason everybody should make it a point to drop in occasionally and see the new things—we keep the store attractively trimmed and make it a point to pay a little more attention to detail than anyone else will—the shoe department is being closed out to your advantage; shoes at cost, exactly what they cost at the factory; they are all on tables and are a good lot of goods bought with an experience that says that there is no better shoes than reynolds bros.

—a few specialties—down pillows, \$1; tooth brushes, 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c; ladies' jersey ribbed vests 30c, 25c, 35c; extra heavy fine jersey ribbed vests, 50c; worth a dollar.

“We have just..!”

—opened a new line of

“ladies' knit underwear for all..?”

—we show a line for 50c in jersey-ribbed; we will take pleasure in placing them by the side of any dollar goods anywhere for comparison; this is a true representation of fact; truthful advertisement commands attention and it draws trade; it don't pay to misrepresent either the reality or the price—the trade of this house is showing a very large increase.

“An old fellow..?”

—came into the city the other day and bought up all the bird seed he could find—the general supposition was that he was trying to corner the market—it transpired later on that he had a different use for his load—he took it all home and sowed it broadcast in land he had already prepared for it—in a few weeks he expects to harvest a rich crop of canary birds—he is a great believer in the bible, and one of the passages that struck the old fellow's fancy was “whatsoever ye soweth that shall ye reap”—he argues that if he sows canary bird seed he will reap canary birds—this may prove a new industry for southern california—the chamber of commerce is extending all the aid in their power to all new enterprises, and we particularly call their attention to this new canary bird farm.

—ladies' black sateen blouse waists, \$1; ladies' all-wool blazers, \$2.50—monday we will give away to every purchaser of \$1 worth of goods or more, a large metropolitan catalogue of fashions; the regular price is 25c; free, monday, to every purchaser of \$1 worth of goods or more.

“We have..!”

—the largest

“leather goods dept..?”

—in the city, and at prices that bring a very large volume of business, good pocketbooks and purses for 25c.
—extra good, all leather lined pocketbooks, 50c.
—very fine real russla leather for 75c.
—our line at \$1.00 comprises real seal, snake and lizard skins, morocco and calf, and the trimming on all the finest and best.
—an extra fine alligator book for \$1.00; a regular \$2.00 quality.
—shawl straps, 25c. worth 50c; finer qualities at 35c and 50c.
—a new line of collar and cuff boxes from \$1.00 up.
—ladies' leather card-cases, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00; about one-half the usual prices—all the new shades and shapes in leather goods.
—new leather belts, 25c; equal to any 50c goods in the city.

—the new september fashion sheets are now in—they are given free to all applicants—september patterns are now on sale; the delineator has been received; it is one of the finest numbers ever issued by the butterick publishing company—butterick patterns are thoroughly reliable.

—people living on the hills are now asking for a bite of water—it is thick enough to cut with a knife; it smells like an old glue factory, and scarce enough the lord knows—they are offering the tender bait to a few of a reduction in rates to get a little influence—it is hardly possible for any man to sell himself to a two-inch water company for so small a sum—the people of this city will soon have an opportunity to vote upon the question for the city to own and operate its own water works—it has been a long drawn out fight, but we are now reaching the culminating point—every officeholder in this city needs prodding up on this water question; the third ward specially—the water question is the most trying one that has ever been met by the people, and no man should ever have a chance to even get a smell at an office in the future that lacks the nerve to force the question manfully—a few have shown an inclination to fall by the wayside—gentlemen, do as you agreed before you were elected or face the inevitable at the next city election—there are men that have spent their money to defend themselves against the most outrageous extortion that was ever placed upon the necks of a people, and they will come out boldly against any man that lacks the nerve to faithfully carry out his promises—it is not a question of politics; it is a question of water—do your duty; do as you agreed or stand aside—millions of gallons of good, pure water is going to waste in the los angeles river every day, and the people on the hills and in all the outlying districts have not enough water to take a bath—shame on the man that fails to give relief; you men that are seeking the majority at the next city election bear in mind that we demand relief before the election—these remarks are specially directed to the present members of the city council—now is the time to give the relief; you cannot expect office without it.

“The week that has just passed has noted some wonderful changes..?”

—in the house—the magnificent cloak department has been doubled in size; a new show case 60 ft. long; 7 ft. deep and 8 ft. high has been put in; this case is for the display of our finer garments, and when fully completed will display the most elegant stock you have ever seen in this city—in a few days the floor will be newly carpeted, and then we will be in shape to welcome you to a sight you have never yet seen in this city—we dwell upon the fact that new ideas and new ways have taken hold in every part of this business, and the wonderful increase we have been making the past six months shows conclusively that we have struck the right key note—we have been doing a winter's business in cloaks in the summer season, and the increase has not been alone in cloaks, but all through the house—the dress goods department has been making strong headway; recently the sales have commenced to climb very rapidly; the great increase in trade has been brought about without \$1 of additional expense—we have paid particular attention to securing a class of help that knows how to wait upon trade in such a manner that wins respect; they know that it is not so much in talk as in good attention; they are educated to show goods freely and willingly to all customers; they are taught to give samples with the greatest freedom, and to in every way pay attention and work hard to secure good words from everybody—once in a while people are found that are almost impossible to please; this class of trade is shown extra attention, and it is rarely the case that we do not at least have a pleasant thank you for the attention paid them—every person entering this house is looked upon as a desirable customer, and they are treated as such—it is the careful looking after these small details that has given us the very large increase we are now having—every employee in this house is on the alert, they are here for business; they are here to draw trade into the house and not to drive it away; we are here to treat every one respectfully; there have been a few smart alecks in this house in times past like in all others, but they are out, and out forever—while a larger number of our old employees have been good help, we had a few that were hardly fit to drive cattle to a stock yard—employees of more than ordinary intelligence can be found in every department; willing, honest, capable hands, men and women that know how and do treat everybody right—this is the one point aimed at; whether you buy or not, you are treated just the same—the trade of this house must double this fall; it will be doubled; where there is determination there is success, and where there is success there is determination.

—don't buy shoes until you have examined our closing-out sale—every pair of shoes is being closed out at prime factory cost—every statement made by this house can be relied upon—all the boy's clothing will be closed monday for \$2.50 for the choice of any suit; some are worth as high as \$12—going entirely out of shoes and boy's clothing.

“One of the most..?”

—interesting points in this house today is the dress goods department; not only increasing this department a little but a great deal—

55c for an all-wool henrietta worth 85cts.

—and they are worth it, and they are sold for 85c in several places on spring street—forty shades to select from—there is no exaggeration about any of our prices; don't pay—you will find the goods as we represent them—our aim is to gain trade, and we are largely increasing trade in the dress goods department—we realize that the least misstatement provokes displeasure, and no house can afford to do it—telling the truth and gaining confidence and largely gaining trade.

—100 pieces extra choice, all-wool, black dress goods at a dollar a yard; fully 100 different styles to select from—largest stock of black dress goods we have ever shown.

“Energy..?”

—perseverance and sweet oil combined with grit, independence and a desire to please the public is giving the business of this house a tremendous boom—more than anything else you can rely upon good treatment—you know you can return any article you buy here, and you can have your money—everything is done square and right up to the handle—a man that falters when he knows he is in the right has no business to succeed; right is right, and the public appreciate this—you get the very best treatment and the best attention from every employee—if you are a solicitor for charity you get good treatment; if you are on an errand that we cannot approve, you are told so in a polite and gentlemanly manner—traveling salesman are treated right—we make money out of them by extending the proper courtesy; if they ask us to take a drink we politely tell them we don't drink; if they ask us to take a cigar we tell them in a gentlemanly way we don't smoke—we don't feel like kicking them out of the house for their asking the question, neither do we drink or smoke because they do ask it—everybody is entitled to courteous treatment, and they receive it here; every employee is impressed with the idea; they, too, are treated right, and in return they treat us right—a man should never agree with another and swap his manhood for policy because it is a tempting gain—a man can state his case in a manner that will win admiration even if he is thought to be in the wrong—if an article is black it should never be called white; if an article is part cotton the truth is better than a falsehood—whatever you buy here can be returned and the money will be paid back—this makes it safe and square for you, and we are just as well satisfied because you are—this is one reason why the trade of this house is showing such a tremendous gain.

“A new doctor..?”

—made his appearance in the city a few days ago with new and original ideas; it is his aim to be in advance of all others in his profession—his name and fame soon spread abroad and he had all he could well attend to—he was called in to see a very sick patient who had headache and backache; he had rheumatism in the joints and every bone in his body felt like breaking; it was a complication of diseases and needed the best remedies—the patient was asked what he had been using; he replied, “porous plasters, hot mustard plasters;” he had been rubbed with a half a dozen different kinds of liniment, but none had the drawing qualities to give relief—the doctor said he had a remedy that would draw anything; he had seen it tried and knew it would work—he sent around to the “times office” and bought the last six sundry copies of the paper and cut out our advertisement and consigned the balance of the paper to the flames; he took the advertisement, put it in a pan and poured boiling water over them and carefully covered them up and placed them on the stove for half an hour; he then took the pulp, and made hot applications to the patient's feet; this soon drew the patient out of bed, and with it every ache and pain out of his body; it was so powerful it even drew the warts off his hand—the doctor and the patient say there is nothing in the world that draws like one of “sheward's” advertisement—we think the doctor is a bang-up good fellow and we can recommend him—the next time you get sick try him.

—ladies' extra fine shopping bags, \$1; ladies' imitation alligator, hand satchels, \$1.25, \$1.50; fine nickel trimmings—hand-made, mexican stamped belts, very fine and new, \$1.

“Monday..?”

—a line of all-wool blazers; mind you, we emphasize the fact that they are all-wool, and the price for monday will be

\$2.50..?

—it is warm weather for cloaks, but you will need them shortly, and then the prices will be more—all-wool blazers, \$2.50; the price seems ridiculously low, and they are for the quality; it is the lowest price you ever heard of, and besides the goods are all new.

“Royal worcester..!”

—corset is a satisfactory corset to the wearer—royal worcesters for a

\$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50..?

—they are equal in fit to the finest french makes and the prices are very much lower—royal worcesters are boned with the best quality of french horn and real whalebone.

—ladies' linen and mohair dusters in the big cloak room.
—ladies' aprons, 25c, 50c and 75c.
—new fall shapes in ladies' hats in our mammoth millinery room.

“We do not..!”

—advertise a reduction sale of

“bath towels..?”

—for the very reason that it is an old fake that no one takes any stock in—don't ask for any reduction sales on bath towels, but ask to see our bargains in bath towels at

“10c, 15c, 20c and 25c..?”

—they are bargains, better than the usual ones; they were bought to sell for the prices we have marked them, and they are of more than ordinary merit; about one-half the usual prices—don't pay to use deceit in drawing the public in; they want facts they can rely upon.

“all warner bros.' corsets..?”

—in an odd lot of sizes,

50c each..!

—we are sick and tired of carrying warner's corset—we have but a job lot of sizes; come and carry them away at 50c each; don't expect all sizes—we have about 300 left, all told.

—monday we offer a big lot of men's bathing suits at 10c each—come and carry them away; no mistake about it; 10c for a bathing suit and 10c for a bath towel—everybody can afford to take a bath now.

LYNCH LAW AT SANTA ANA

Torres Pays the Penalty for His Frightful Crime.

The Brutal Murderer Hanged by a Mob Early Yesterday Morning.

Strung Up to a Telephone Pole in the Middle of the Town.

The Execution Carefully Planned and Deliberately Carried Out—The Statement of the Guard—An Eye-Witness's Account.

Lynch law has prevailed in the quiet, peaceable city of Santa Ana and Francisco Torres, the murderer of Capt. William McKelvey, has been roped into eternity at the hands of a mob. His punishment was deliberate in its suffering, but far more terrible in its suffering than it would have been had he been duly convicted and hanged by legal process.

Early-risers in Santa Ana, who were abroad on Fourth street between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock yesterday morning were appalled to see dangling from a rope on a telephone pole on the principal business corner of the city the corpse of Francisco Torres. In the gray mist of the early dawn the scene was phantom-like and many people could not believe their eyes. When the body was first discovered at 2 a. m., there was a death-like stillness on the streets, but the news that Torres had been hanged spread rapidly and a large crowd soon gathered to look at the ghastly spectacle.



Torres, the Murderer.

Pinned to the breast of the corpse was a placard on which was written:

"A CHANGE OF VENUE."

His hands were tied behind him and his feet were bound together, one foot being bare and the other with a stocking on. An undershirt and a dark pair of pants were the only clothing on the body. Torres' face told the story of terrible suffering, a bungling job and a desperate struggle for life.

So quietly was the lynching done that it did not even arouse the guests in the Hotel Brunswick, not fifty feet away.

BREWING FOR SOME TIME.

That this matter has been brewing for some time is within the knowledge of several citizens of Santa Ana. On the evening of August 11 a clandestine meeting was held of several determined men who intended to lynch Torres that night, but as the jail was then too strongly guarded and several citizens who had opposed the measure had decided to remain awake, it was thought best to defer action until after Torres' examination. It was left to a few men to give the word when the mob should again meet and carry out its determination.

That time came Friday night, or rather yesterday morning, and a gang of thirty-five or forty, all well-armed and wearing masks, marched in a body to the County Jail, gained admittance, captured Torres and hanged him to a telephone pole right in the center of town and about a block away from the jail.

THE GUARD'S STATEMENT.

Robert Cogburn, who was appointed last week by Sheriff Lacy to guard the jail at night, was on duty when the mob appeared and demanded entrance.

"I sat on the steps until 9:30 Friday evening," said Mr. Cogburn. "Everything was quiet at that time. The Sheriff and Deputy Sheriff were with me, and said they would go home. Then I walked up to Fourth street with them and then back to the jail and into the building, locking the door securely behind me. At 12 o'clock I ate my lunch, and was sitting in the front room when I heard a knock at the door. I knew the voices and knew that it was Morgan and Nigg, the night-watchmen. They talked a few minutes and I locked the door and sat down on the side of the bed for about fifteen minutes. At ten minutes to 1 o'clock I heard a crowd coming to the door and some one called out to me. I said, 'No, sir.' He says, 'Will you open the door?' saying that if I did not they would break it in. I said, 'You had better not,' and then some one struck the door with a hammer. The door was broken in at the first blow. The first blow was followed by several more and the door was finally broken in. The men came in as fast as they could after the door was broken. Two of them came in and shoved me back on the bed and demanded the key. I gave it to them and they shut the door upon me, but did not lock it. I heard some pitiful yells in the room after they went in, but they only remained in the jail two or three moments. I have no idea how many men were in the room. They passed out and through the hall, all of them going out. I stood in the room for a minute or two and then put my hand against the door and shoving it back came into the jail. There were three prisoners in the jail besides Torres, and the inner door was open when I came out. There was a spring lock lying on the floor. I went to the door and called to the night watchman. I heard some one talking, and a noise on the corner of Sycamore and Fourth streets, and I started to go out in the street. I had not gone more than three or four steps when I met some six or eight men, who cried 'Halt!' They all had pistols, which they pointed at me. I stopped and went back into the jail, where I stood for a few minutes and then came out again. There were some men on the platform in front of the mill. I could not see how many there were, because I could not see them distinctly, but I could hear their voices. I decided not to go up to the corner of Fourth and Sycamore streets until I heard from them. I was just starting to go to Joe Nichols' (the Marshall's house) when Mr. Morgan, the night watchman, came down and said there was a man hanging to the telephone pole, at the corner, and he went up to notify the Marshall. The men were masks, and returned to

the jail at 1:10 a. m., and, after picking up a sledge hammer and a hat, left."

AN EYE WITNESS'S STORY.

The Times correspondent yesterday found a man who claimed to have witnessed the affair from a window. "A rope," he said, "had already been made fast to the arm of a telephone pole in front of Turner's shoe store on the corner of Main and Sycamore streets. It reached nearly to the ground. A crowd of men came up dragging Torres, who was crying piteously. The men said not a word until they reached the place of execution, when one of them said: 'Say your prayers.' I did not understand Torres' words. He was then placed on a box, his hands tied behind him, and his feet bound together. Some one then said 'All ready,' and the box was shoved from under him and Torres was dangling in the air. He kicked and twisted spasmodically for several seconds and then straightened out, and the crowd seemed to disperse in every direction. I could not see how many there were in the crowd. Most of them wore long coats and seemed to be in disguise."

DISCOVERY OF THE BODY.

The body was first found by Night-watchman George E. Morgan, who thought it was an effigy. As he saw it, Dr. Hill came down the street on his return from a late professional call. "Look there, Doctor," said Morgan, "there hangs a man in a cage." They went up to it and examined it. "Great God!" exclaimed Morgan. "It's a corpse." Dr. Hill examined it and discovered that life was extinct. It was the body of Torres, and could not have been dead but a few minutes as the body was yet warm."

A rope was about Torres' neck tied in a professional manner, but as the body dropped the rope slipped up over the chin drawing the lower part of the face out of position and hideously distorting his features.

THE INQUEST.

The body was cut down shortly after 4 o'clock in the morning by Coroner Ey and Sheriff Lacy, assisted by two or three other citizens, and conveyed to Smith's undertaking rooms, where an inquest was held yesterday morning. Following is the verdict of the jury at the inquest:

We find that the deceased was named Francisco Torres, a male, and native of Mexico, aged 30 years, and that he came to this country from Mexico, and was strangled, by being hung by the neck, with a rope, to a telephone pole, on the corner of Fourth and Sycamore streets in Santa Ana, done by persons unknown to the jury—all of which we duly certify by this inquisition in writing, by us signed this 20th day of August, 1892.

J. H. MOESSER, Foreman,

GEORGE E. MORGAN,

R. H. DUNN,

J. M. HOLT,

WALTER BURTON,

J. S. ROBERTS,

J. H. MORTIMER,

M. J. STRICKLAND,

JAMES R. FUNK,

FRANK EY, Coroner.

Approved: WELL ORGANIZED.

How well the crowd which lynched Torres was organized was shown by the manner in which the work was executed. There was not a flaw in the procedure.

The rope used was a new half-inch cord and about fifty feet long. It was attached to the lower crossbar of the telephone pole and so hung that Torres' feet were within two feet of the ground.

THE FUNERAL.

Upward of 3000 people have viewed the remains today, among whom were a large number of Mexicans. At 2:10 o'clock yesterday afternoon the remains were deposited in a plain box and placed in the dead wagon, and followed by one buggy containing three Mexicans, were carted to the cemetery, where all that was mortal of the murderer of McKelvey was interred in the Potter's field.

While the means used to punish Torres is generally condemned by the citizens, it is generally conceded that the fate of Torres was a deserved one and no one regrets the fact of his death.

TORRES' CRIME.

The crime for which Torres was hanged was committed on July 21 at the ranch of Mrs. Modjeska in Santiago Cañon. McKelvey, on the day previous, had held back \$2.50 from the wages of Torres for road poll tax. This angered



Capt. William McKelvey.

Torres and some words followed. Early Sunday morning, while McKelvey was attending to his duties about the barn, Torres again demanded his pay. It was refused him, and it is supposed that while McKelvey was getting feed for the chickens Torres crept up behind him and dealt him a murderous blow, felling him to the earth. Not content with this he plunged a knife into McKelvey's back, then, robbing his victim, he fled. After eluding the officers for several days he was captured at San Diego and brought to this city. At his preliminary examination, which lasted three days, every effort was being made by his Mexican friends to screen him, and this fact hastened the lynching.

The reward offered for the arrest and conviction of Francisco Torres of \$300 will be lost to those who made the arrest, but the reward offered of \$200 by the Board of Supervisors will be paid, as it was offered on arrest only.

There have been no arrests made and there are no likely to be.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The Story of the Hanging as it Reached Detective George Insley, who was made acquainted at an early hour yesterday morning with the lynching of Francisco Torres at Santa Ana at 1 o'clock Saturday morning, was seen by a Times reporter and told the following story:

"At 12:50 o'clock sharp the jailer and guard at the Santa Ana jail heard a noise at the main entrance and the jailer stepped out of the office to see what was going on. He knew that there had been considerable talk about lynching the cold-blooded murderer of Capt. McKelvey, but he thought the excitement had died out and was surprised to find a mob in front of the jail demanding admission."

"He promptly refused to open the door and told them that he would not give up the prisoner. The leaders of the mob then produced sledge-hammers and in a few seconds they broke the

door in. The jailer was overpowered and the mob rushed in. They were perfectly cool and went to work without doing any talking. The guard made no resistance when he found that the jail was crowded with armed men."

"The mob proceeded at once to Torres' cell, where they found the murderer crouched in one corner. As soon as the door opened Torres made a rush for the leaders and for a few seconds he fought bravely, but they soon overpowered him and, after securely gagging him, he was conducted to the street. The guard was locked up in Torres' cell, and the jailer was told to attend to his own business and not attempt to interfere."

"The lynchers marched slowly through the streets to a point on Fourth street almost in front of the Brunswick Hotel, where they had placed a rope for the purpose of hanging Torres. The noose was already made and it took them but a few seconds to place it over Torres' head, when half a dozen strong men caught hold of the free end of the rope and the murderer was soon dangling some distance from the ground. The avengers stood around watching the wretch's death struggles until they were satisfied that he could never do any more harm in this world, when they quietly dispersed and in ten minutes not one of them could be seen on the streets."

"It was the best-planned lynching that I ever heard of. They were so quiet that the police, who were patrolling their beats only a short distance away, knew nothing until the body was discovered at 1:30 by a passing physician, who gave the alarm."

"Ten minutes before the avengers presented themselves at the jail, the Congressman was talking to the guard and he could not have been a block away when the mob approached the door. The jailer and guard are of the opinion that there were about 100 masked men in the mob, and I am satisfied that there were not over fifty men, and they were not masked. Had the mob been composed of several hundred men they would have done more or less shouting, and the whole affair would have been attracted to the scene of the hanging. As it was there was hardly a word spoken and the deed was done before the outsiders had an idea of what was going on."

"This is the first lynching that has ever taken place in Santa Ana, and the first one for a number of years in this section of the country. The deed, in my eyes, is excusable for the reason that there is no doubt as to Torres' guilt. Not only that, but he was provoked by a lot of perjured witnesses that he killed Capt. McKelvey in self-defense, and the witnesses were boasting around town about their ability to clear him. I am sure that the mob was organized by the Superior Court. This enraged the citizens that they decided to put a stop to all legal proceedings and make sure of the murderer's punishment."

RADIANT RIO.

A Los Angeles Lady Traveling in the Land of Brazil.

The Impediments of Railway Journeying—Rio by Night: a Fair Scene—How the Streets Compare With Broadway.

(From a private letter received in Los Angeles.)

Sao Paulo (Brazil), July 14, 1892.—The train contains not a word of yellow fever, sickness nor death. The yellow fever is a thing of the past, for we are having our winter and the germs do not multiply during these cool days and nights. They are quietly slumbering in old blankets, unclean houses, filthy streets and the many, many shallow graves. But there!

I have had such a lovely week in Rio de Janeiro, and have just returned. In this country they do not like to run trains after night, they make an early start. The Rio train leaves Sao Paulo at 6 o'clock in the morning; that means before daylight at this time of the year. The eslagao is away at the southern extremity of the city. We had to allow one hour for the ride. We took the bond (street car) as it is not safe to depend upon the hackmen—they are apt to oversleep or forget you. We allowed twenty minutes for dressing, fifteen for coffee and an hour in which to purchase our tickets. Think of it! It does not take three minutes at home to buy a ticket. Think of the early hour of the morning! Then we were so afraid that we should oversleep that we slept with one eye open all night. We did not feel exceedingly, exuberantly joyful that morning as we stood shivering at the street corner waiting for the bond. However, we were in better spirits when we found ourselves after luggage, all comfortably arranged in the car ready to start. We had a very long train, every car packed. The second-class car is somewhat similar to the caboose of a freight train, the first-class similar to our day coach. All cars here are smokeless.

The distance from Sao Paulo to Rio is a little over 300 miles, and the running time including stops is about 13 hours. For a number of miles we traveled through a beautiful country, in the direction toward the source of the Rio Lyth, until we reached the town of Mogi das Cruzes; here we made a turn to the northeast, entered the valley of the Parahyba, which river crossed and recrossed many times during the day. Such a beautiful valley in the midst of the extreme southwestern corner of the state of Sao Paulo, adjoining Rio. It flows southward, makes a sudden turn northeast, enters the Serras and seems to be flowing up-hill. It is a river beautiful in cascades and rapids. At Taubaté we had breakfast at 11 o'clock, then we split on, stopping at number of unimportant towns. You would like the names of a few! You cannot pronounce them—Pindamonhangaba, Guaratingueta, Cachoeira, was the Ogden on our route. The change was made at Pindamonhangaba, and we had our instructions, and knew just what to do. Miss D. rushed ahead real American-girl fashion, across the platform to the other car, to procure seats for us. Miss L. and I remained by the stuff. We had three immediate railroads, which it was impossible for us to lift, even if it were proper for us to do so in this land. So we stood by the window and hailed in regular Brazilian fashion (cannot tell you what that is, excepting that it is similar to the hailing of a cat) two strong men, who carried our luggage for us. The change to another car rested us, and now we were ready to enjoy the scenery, which grew more and more beautiful. At Barra do Piraty we had our dinner, 4 o'clock. From there to within an hour of Rio we gazed almost breathlessly out of the window. The road is a splendid piece of engineering. We passed through nineteen tunnels, one of them a mile and a half long; it took seven and a half years to build it and cost over 2,000,000 milreis (\$1,000,000). How we did spin round those sweeping curves. The afternoon was perfect. It became February afternoon of Southern California. The Brazilian forests, with their many chattering birds, the waves and

billows of hills and valleys below us to our right. Parahyba chattering, bubbling and roaring, now on one side of us and then on the other; Mt. Itatiaia, the highest peak in Brazil, 9000 feet high, quite insignificant in comparison to some of our Sierra Nevada peaks, but looking very grand and mighty towering above us to our left, the whole scene tipped and gilded by the rays of the evening sun—a scene indescribably beautiful. We ate, rested, and reached Rio; make our first stop, Escadaria. Mr. K. boards the train and claims me his guest. I say "good-bye" to my two friends who go on to the central station. Mr. H. and I wait five minutes for the suburban train, then on to Sampaio, which is a part of Rio, but at least five miles from the central station. Eight in the evening when we arrive there, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers—my friends having just about reached the central station. It takes them another hour to ride in a hack to Laranjeiras, their destination. How can I ever give you the faintest idea of Rio?—beautiful, tropical, built on hills, in ravines, down to the waters' edge—her Corcorada, Tejuca, Sugar-loaf, her tiled roofs, chimneyless, gayly painted houses; her tropical verdure; her many parks; her many streets; her new streets, wide, well-paved; clean; old streets, narrow, dirty, no sidewalks; her beautiful land-locked bay, with an entrance somewhat similar to our Golden Gate; the fort on our right and Sugarloaf is on the left. It cannot be described by my pen.

But you should see Rio by night. We spent a day across the bay at Niteroi, and it was after dark when we returned. The scene at the Constantinople as we saw it the night of the Sultan's birthday. I did not learn the distance across, but we were a half-hour in crossing in a good ferry-boat, moving about as rapidly as do the San Francisco Bay boats. It was a picture of fairyland. The sea was living fire. Every breaking wave, every stroke of the oar, the least disturbance of the water caused the glow of the phosphorescent lights. Before us on the hills, in the ravines, crowding the bay, were the lights of this city of about 700,000 inhabitants. This is another beautiful picture to treasure in my memory. Rio is not a healthy city—yellow fever sweeps during the summer, and smallpox in the winter. It could be made healthy if some Anglo-Saxon would and could be allowed to undertake the work—some of the hills that there are, and the drainage could have a full sweep the drainage improved, and a great many thousands of Italians, etc., made to clean up. O, but there are some foul odors coming from some of the streets.

We did not begin to see all of Rio in one week. We must go there again. We could not visit the great museum, for they are moving it to the old palace. By the way, the palace grounds reminded me of Del Monte. And we have yet to see the famous Botanical gardens, but we took in the street scenes of the Ouvidor, the fashionable street of Rio. None but foot passengers are allowed on this street. It is very little wider than the sidewalk of Broadway, Los Angeles. On each side are magnificent stores; some of the jewelry windows are more beautiful even than those of the Palais Royal, Paris, by gaslight. And we visited the park of Rio, which is to be the site of the Columbian Exposition. It is only fair, but I believe it is to be retouched before they take it to the United States. And we visited Nova Friburgo, a town away up in the Serras—greatly enjoyed it. We had been to some of the Serras, and it was all lovely, and we came back to Sao Paulo new creatures again.

Sincerely, MARGARET K. SCOTT.

Roosts. (Poultry Monthly.)

There is no advantage in placing perches one above another, stair fashion, in the hypocaust of a triangle. It is no economy of room. If they be thus arranged the distances of the perches from each other must be measured on the base of the triangle, from the feet of the fowls, full perpendicularly. They should be far enough apart to avoid soiling of the plumage. If there is no economy of space in this arrangement, there is no argument for it. Fowls will jump from the lowest perch to the next, and so on to the highest, and then quarrel. They all want the highest place. It is preferable to have the perches placed on a level, also the platform to catch the droppings. It may be just high enough to be handy in cleaning, and the perches about one foot above it. All perches should be movable, so as to facilitate the application of kerosene when necessary to every part.

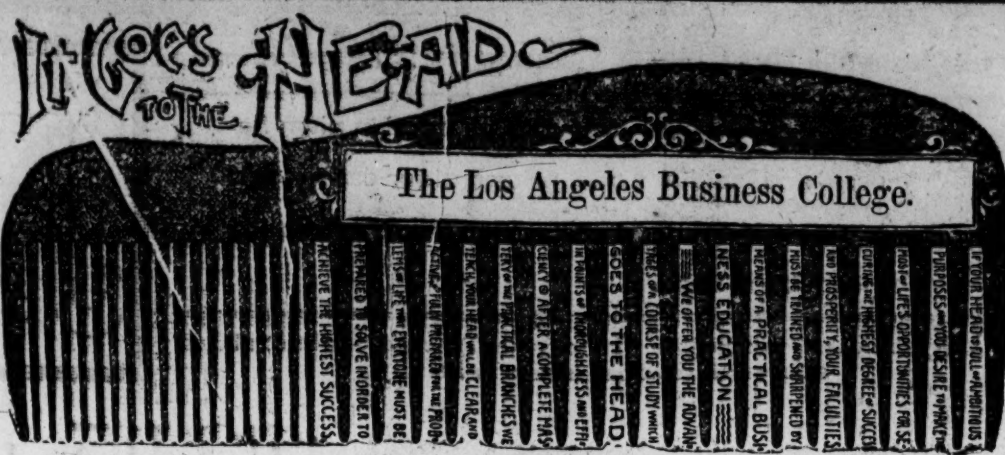
The reason why fowls strive for the highest place in the roost is because they possess an instinct which teaches them that the higher they get the safer they are. So it is a fact, that when the perches are of unequal height the strongest fowls occupy the highest place. Probably the air is as pure three feet from the floor as higher. Fowls, when crowded in a tight apartment, by their respiration, give off considerable heat, and this heat being heavier than common atmosphere sinks to the floor, and may have a deleterious effect on the fowls roosting very low. Deleterious fumes are also evolved from decaying animal and vegetable matter.

Perches should be at least two inches wide and rest firmly in a slot or mortise. Fowls will cling to one edge of a wide perch, and the width will give opportunity to rest the weight on the slant. A very narrow perch makes it necessary to bear the weight on the breast bone, mainly in one spot, and thus it becomes bent to one side. This deformity is caused in many instances by roosting on the edge of a perch, or on the small limbs of trees. Old fowls have their bones hardened so that they will stand the pressure without bending, but all should have wide perches.

CONSTIPATION.

Afflicts half the American people yet there is only one preparation of Sarsaparilla that acts on the bowels and reaches this important trouble, and that is Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. It cures in 24 hours, and an occasional dose prevents return. We refer, by permission, to C. E. Elkington, 125 Locust Avenue, San Francisco; J. H. Brown, Petaluma, Cal.; H. S. Winn, Geary Court, S. F., and hundreds of others who have used it in constipation. One letter is a sample of hundreds. Elkington writes: "I have been for years subject to bilious headaches and constipation. Have been so bad for a year back have had to take a physic every other night or else I would have a headache. One bottle of J. V. S., put in splendid shape. It positively controls constipation."

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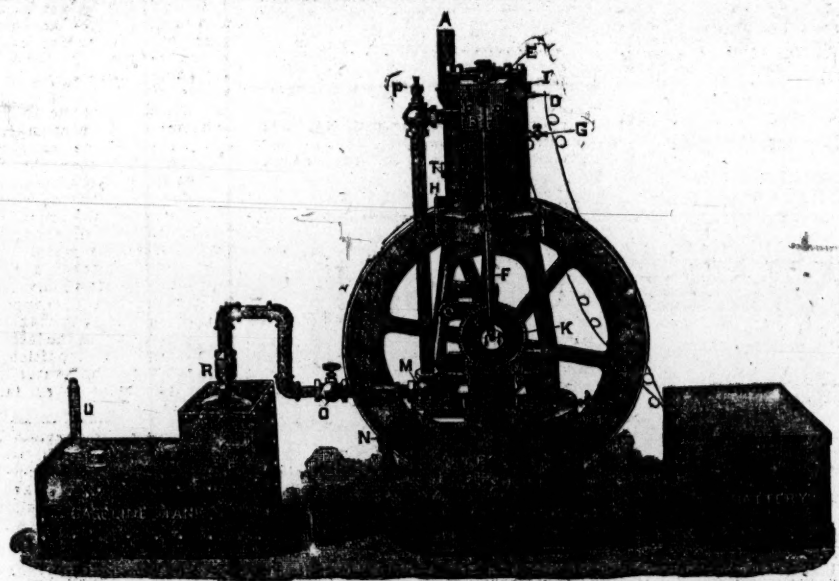
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